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# MARIAMNE, QUEEN OF THE JEWS

GENESIS, TREE OF LIFE (EDISON),

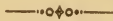
THE FAIRIES, CENTENNIAL SONGS

AND OTHER POEMS

33

BY

MRS. SARAH BURLINGAME RANKIN, NÉE LAPHAM



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## DEDICATION.

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TO MY

BELOVED PARENTS,

AND OTHER DEAR FRIENDS WHO AIDED MY EARLY AND LATER

EFFORTS, THIS VOLUME IS

**Affectionately Dedicated.**

“Through the walls of hut and palace  
Shots the instantaneous throe,  
When the travail of the ages wrings  
Earth's systems to and fro ;  
At the birth of each new Era, with a  
Recognizing start,  
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing  
With mute lips apart,  
And glad Truth's—yet mightier man—  
Child leaps beneath the Future's heart.”

—*Present Crisis, Lowell.*





## SKETCH.

The authoress is a native of Rhode Island, but by adoption a westerner.

Graduated from the Female College, Oxford, Ohio, when under the control of the Rev. John Walter Scott, D. D.

Married and lived thirteen wedded years in Covington, Kentucky. Then, urged by her only brother, Levi A. Lapham, a lawyer residing at Peoria, Illinois, she removed (1872) to that city. Here she engaged in arduous and unremitting study, laboring to deserve the esteem of the gifted and cultured people with whom she had cast her lot. With the same laudable ambition that moves the man of business to be identified as successful in his life career, the writer, whose only wealth is the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of an inherited gift, comes before the public in a pursuit which has ever proved the animating ally of education and good breeding, and the strong cordon of social refinement.

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## MARIAMNE, QUEEN OF THE JEWS.

For the account of Mariamne, wife of Herod the Great, consult Josephus' "Antiquities of the Jews," Book 5, c. 1-7.

Zedekiah was appointed King of Jerusalem by its Babylonish captor, Nebuchadnezzar: later was carried to Babylon, where he died in prison. From this time foreigners made and deposed the governors of Judea, beginning with Zerubbabel, appointed by Cyrus. Under Roman authority, Antipater, an Idumean Jew was made procurator by Cæsar. His son, Herod, called "The Great," finally obtained the kingdom through the affection of Mark Antony.

This subject became our inspiration while reading the Antiquities. It was chosen and elaborated before knowing of its selection or before reading the dramatic poem on "Herod's Jealousy," by Calderon.

The reader must take the production with its stamp of originality which is the plainer synonym of afflatus or inspiration. To make the plot consistent, the poem commences with David, King of Israel.

THE moon full-orbed rose over Palestine  
When David to the house-top moved his harp,  
Boötes waned paler while the stars decline,  
Arcturus glittering on his garter sharp,—  
And few the marshals of the starry wards  
Marching across the planetary court,  
But when the bard makes melody with the chords  
God gets the praises of the inspiring sport.

His Harp survives the Royal Jew !

The Land,  
The Temple, Priesthood, Ceremonial, where ?  
The sacrificial-vessels, vestments, altars and

Their symbolic furniture evocate despair ;  
 The Theocratic Polity has been fulfilled !  
 The Lion shall love the Lamb : The Child is at hand  
 To lead the Lion and offer the New Command :  
 The signs have changed, not God, who Omnipotent  
     willed  
 To change His Will, whereupon His promises stand  
 From all Eternity.

Now Adonijah

Was feasting under the palms in Paradise,  
 The Royal Park crowned with th' Edenic tira,  
 A spot to allure and charm King David's eyes  
 When within its labyrinthal ways he walked,  
 The conduct contéplating of Israel  
 Or enjoying Nature spiritualized and talked,  
 As Adam communed with this—and as him, fell.

“Nathan is here, O king, and brings thee news,  
 Thy sons disloyal spread a feast to-day  
 At which Adonijah for thy kingdom sues,  
 Insults thy power and scepter, throne and sway,  
 Usurps thy Birthright, and begins to reign.”’

This said Bathsheba to the king in haste.

“Solomon shall hew the traitorous crew in twain ;  
 O prophet, there's no moment here to waste,  
 Upon my ass bear him to Gihon, where  
 Zadock the priest must anoint him in my stead  
 As king ; the gathering multitude will meet him there,  
 Shouting, ‘God save the King!’ and making afraid

The rebels in yonder vale, and they will run  
 Suing for 'mercy,' from my lord and son,  
 Death will embrace the old king here in peace,  
 Jerusalem will flourish—Zion increase."

Thus David spake.

Moreover another king  
 An acclaiming populace to Zion will bring,  
 "Hozanna in the Highest to the son of David," who  
 Shall ride an ass and wail Jerusalem's Jew.

"Nation! thy glories all depart as spoil,  
 Drawing the lust of Conquerors to thee:  
 With anise, mint, and cumin thou may'st toil,  
 Serving the letter of the Law, to be  
 Hereafter cleft and broken, sawn and peeled:  
 My sheltering love, how often had it concealed  
 Thee from the doom impending, even as a hen  
 Appeals to her chickens under her wings! but, Oh,  
 Such love as mine thou would'st none of! again  
 Go, tread the wine-press all alone; for know,  
 Jerusalem shall be cloven from crypt to spire  
 And, piece by piece, be cast upon the fire."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was night in David's city, and Herod kept  
 His vigil in the alleys of the Palms,  
 In that same garden to which rebels crept  
 To plot their deed of blood. The Leonine arms  
 Had been removed, for an Idumean Jew  
 Rules on the throne of Judah's Royal Line,

Roman emblazonries for preference sue,  
Though Jewish sacrifices have their shrine.

A toga of purple wraps the Ruler's form,  
A present from Cæsar, stitched with precious stones,  
Around his forehead plays a jewel-storm,  
Drawn by the moon, sailing high over massive cones  
Of the Damascus date-palm, every gem  
Glittering in his bandeau like imperious eyes  
Flashing with fire, and plashing the surrounding hem  
Of coppice with scintillations till there lies  
On either hand a zodiac of light,  
Through which he moves abstracted from the sight.

His sight looks inward—pondering his heart's maze;  
Between his brows the forkèd frowns of thought  
Darken his countenance, while a threat'ning plays  
Like levin in his eyes; such threats had brought  
If in the cloud the lightning sharp to flay  
The queenly palm and Jealousy's fiercer ray  
May burn as red across a darker day.

The swooping winds across the spicery snare  
The aromatic smells of redolent wood,  
Camphor, cinnamon, cassia are incense there,  
And the tall aloe soaring into the flood  
Of pearly moonlight stimulates the air  
Which scarcely sighs, so heavy with vesper scents,  
The calamus growing by the pool, did spare  
A spicery breath, with sweet sebaceous drents  
Of nard, and Jiled's balsamic tree, balm sweet  
Were all which filled this estival retreat.

Throughout the garden flowed a gentle stream  
Knotting a crystal chord about the roots,  
Giving at every loop a sparkling gleam  
Among the brilliant flowers and verdant shoots,  
A rivulet led from Siloah's fount,  
"Going softly" through the Royal Paradise  
Till o'er a reservoir's marble lip to mount  
Purls down in cascade, sings its note and dies.

The king came hither, where the Summer moon  
In all her glory seeming to be arrayed—  
A Heavenly Sheba traveling at high noon—  
Shone fully on his features, as afraid  
He warily came, as shy of being seen,  
Two doves were kissing, hidden in th' summery green.

An utterance dark—and then a heavy sigh  
As if repenting what he then had said  
Escaped his lips ;  
                    Night's stillness then did vie  
With his stern pose,—when the weird coo had fled  
Beyond his ear ;  
                    Listening ; he listened not  
As the soft steps of woman's feet drew near,  
His heart throbbed too wild, and his brain too hot  
With anguish, that the light movement gave no fear,  
And she came nearer, near enough to lay  
Her hand upon the shoulder of the king.

"O king !"

He started, as a tigress may  
Nursing her cubs, if a strange beast should stray  
Across her lair :

Like blasting iron did ring—

“ Woman ! ”

It jarred her ear, that tone of ire  
As it had bruised a harder thing than flesh ;  
His eyes flashed like the sparks of steely fire,  
His frame strained every muscle like a mesh  
Which bound him rigidly, wavering and at bay,  
In the presence of Salóme, sister of the king,  
A feline whelp of Antipater—and only they  
Who suffered her virulence felt how it could bring  
The wounds, the torturing pangs, the deathly fears  
Which strike to the life and poison as the sting  
Of viper poisons ; but her venom tears  
And strikes the deepest, she who loved the king,  
Mariamne, beloved of th' earth, for whom Heaven  
    he sues,  
Daughter of Hycanus, High Priest of the Jews.

That love is fatal which our fears can rouse  
To jealousy, which every fear pursues ;  
This snake in our love-garden, who can tell  
Which is the fiercer, Love or Hate ? Two fires  
Which are attracted, and combining, swell  
The flames wherein the suicide expires.

The king drew life from Mariamne's love ;



Many children of his loins had filled his court  
By many wives, though none to allure his love;  
Herod proud, voluptuous, imperious, held his port  
As a husband should before her, not a lord,  
Love never led a man by a stronger chord,  
As lion beside a lamb the two did go,  
Twins born of a ewe, the nestlings from one tree,  
Love fosters, grafts, but never prunes, we know  
Love by excess but not by penury.

A wicked thought will escape and find its breath  
Breeding infection or a blast of war!  
Should the king die he had decreed her death,—  
And Mariamne learned the secret, for,  
Naught is so secret, but it in th' sun shall lie  
And winds will carry it, and friends will cry  
It from the house-top, and all the world will pry,  
Even as the shock opens earth to let in sky.

Wrestling with constricting passions, on this eve  
Herod turned to Kidron's vale while th' garden lay  
Cooling in dew, and the full moon did weave  
Every color and tint with her mild mordant ray  
Fixing a lutescent medium softly veiled  
About all heaven. And the peach-almond tree  
Felt its pink blossoms fade, Sharon roses paled,  
Purple lilies put on black—the livery we see  
That queenly star can most becoming wear  
Royal yellow and black—these on the Labyrinth lay  
When Herod came there, where his jewels flare  
Like lamps among the alleys, every way

He seemed the corona for the eclipse of day.

The tormentress, who could turn the palace walls  
 Into whispering galleries of vindictive ire,  
 Hated the queen with all the hate that galls  
 At the sight of love like Herod's, as spirit to fire,  
 Torments the object of Mariamne's love ;  
 His feminine moods, his tender inanities  
 Entering the harem, taking no way to move  
 Save through the portal of Mariamne's heart,  
 Conjured up the demons of all the Insanities  
 In both. T' discern these wrong by wrong, each part  
 Unknowingly kissed the other to do a crime  
 For divided ends ; the means secured a bride  
 For Heaven and him and all of Etern Time  
 Should prove and consummate the bridal ; Pride  
 Conferred the power to make his beloved wife  
 The bride of sacrifice for this. But to move  
 All Hell and Earth to destroy one hated life,  
 To pander a bride for Death, Salomé's power must be  
 Hate, Mortification, Envy, Jealousy,  
 Foes antagonizing heavenliness and Heaven.  
 The king's mad love men would have seen forgiven  
 As Time forgives ; for love is but the glow  
 Of God's Self-Attribute and undefined,  
 And men have crazed of love, this God to know ;  
 Have worshiped woman with as mad a mind.

Gentile and Jew receive the promises :  
 The one accepts the Messiah already come,  
 Another Interpreter of the Prophecies

The other believes,—and still for all there's room,  
And God forgives.

And now Salôme heard  
For the first the king's decision ; from Sin's black spore  
The Tartarean apple of love hung there and bore  
Such proliferation of jealousy, it stirred  
Men's fears, knowing Herod's love tasted sweet before,  
Until Mariamne's woe stained red with gore,—  
As the Eastern Suri<sup>1</sup> snaps, like the wind's fair wracks,  
Her helpness neck must stroke the murderous ax.

The problem of Existence here, when tried,  
God remains God, though matter returns to dust ;  
The fool can read this truth ; but, if denied,  
Does spirit return to be from what it came ?  
Is there reunion of love with God as at first ?  
The Brahmin trusts his soul even higher, its flame  
Refines in th' Nirvana<sup>2</sup> that absorbs its load,  
Though this divine psychism seems lotus flowed,  
Seems spirit inane as that on flowers bestowed ;  
Islamism prepictures the voluptuary's abode  
Of Love unending : It is "love, love, love,"  
Which souls have cried since Eons began to move.

But if the Christian's claim to Heaven must be  
"Purification of soul," alone for his purity—  
The Brahmin enjoys such a Heaven as this—just this !  
To be wise, like God, would relate us to higher bliss ;

He is truly wise, He surely is purely clean ;  
Have the works of God any stain to condemn, any  
mean?

Let Heaven be filled with these, then, O let man  
Work out the problem of existence on God's plan.

The grandest works of men become their gods  
Till hurled together in their common graves ;  
Things of men's hands and human like the abodes  
Of foul corruptions which Destruction saves  
Burying out of sight. Behold how Herod died !  
God compensates the worm with what He made ;  
The worm pulls down man's monuments of pride ;  
God remains God, and Spirit is Deified.  
Strator surnamed Caesarea, on the sea  
Glistened like silver when the sun rose high,  
Herod's marble city whose Roman luxury  
The Imperial Mistress of the world could vie,  
Whose noble mole outgrew the Tiber's pride,  
Kissing the feet of Rome upon its shore,—  
At whose full breast the merchant ships did ride  
Gorging the voluptuous city at her door,  
Whose Coliseum fills the marble stage  
With gladiators, for the feast of Death,  
Smiling as proudly on the assembly's rage  
As though its umpire waved the victor's wreath ;  
And if the Jew wept over his Promised Land,  
Sorrowing to see such impious pile arise,  
Knowing his Law-Giver was guiltless of the command  
" An altar for a human sacrifice,"  
Purged his soul cleaner with his prayers and sighs.

God's mercy tempers even Jerusalem's doom!  
 When Jew and Gentile skulk along the street,  
 And the Centurions with their hundreds come  
 Bristling with glaves, and friends afraid to meet,  
 Or meeting eyes grow glassy, stiff with fear,  
 Face pinched and ghostly under the soldiery's leer,  
 Men petrifying as though the Gorgon sway  
 Of Fear fell upon all;

'Tis the doomster's day,  
 Mariamne's head falls by the lictor's blow,  
 Queen of the Jews and Herod's overthrow.

Hark! hark! what shrieks ring from Sebaste's walls?  
 What howls of madness, wailings of despair?  
 Jews use no racks; the rending wheel ne'er falls  
 Mangling its victim; what mean those shrieks there?  
 The fortress rings with Mariamne's name,  
 Court, gallery, dungeon, vault, and battlement ring;  
 Night roaring with the confusion, morning came  
 As horrible with din, and still more maddening,  
 With Herod calling Mariamne's name!  
 Behold him crazed on love, remorse, despair,  
 His love now fed by Hades' torturing flame,  
 Jealousy has fled and Crime confronts him there

“Her murderer”:

He calls, he roars, he raves!

“Call,” gibber the seven demons of his brain,

“Mariamne's gone to Heaven, and there craves  
 No love from thee uxoricide, the Cain

Battens on thy conscience, ravening thee for love,  
And Hell is just and thou must give him love.”

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### NOTES.

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<sup>1</sup>The rose of Syria, which was called Suristan, the Land of Roses.

<sup>2</sup>The first person of the Hindoo triad is Brahma, the creator of the world; the second person, Vishnu, the preserver; the third person is Siva, the destroyer. But above Brahma there is the Nirvana into which the souls of men are absorbed after exalted transmigrations, and the attainment of necessary purification for this absorption after death.

As the Nirvana takes precedence of Brahma, with this absorption the soul takes perfect repose and the enjoyment of all this Spirit enjoys in Eternal Bliss.

## THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

NOUS recevons d'une de nos lectrices américaines les plus assidues, Mme S. B. Rankin, résidant à Peoria, Ill., une charmante poésie en anglais: *The Prince Imperial*. Cette poésie tout en prêtant un hommage au Français qui vient de descendre dans la tombe, est une véritable ode à la Liberté. Nous regrettons que notre connaissance imparfaite de la langue anglaise nous empêche d'en donner une traduction fidèle.—*Courrier de l' Illinois*.

WHEN Spring had warmed upon her breast  
 The violets, which the snows had pressed,  
 And curled the hyacinth's fragrant hair,  
 And sung the rose the robin's air,  
 An angel peered from out the skies  
 And thought our world a paradise.

A woman beautifully fair,  
 The gold of Castile in her hair—  
 Indeed, a very rose of Spain—  
 Was listening to the angel's strain,  
 When, awakening from the trance, she knew  
 The angel to her bosom flew.

She threw her white arms round its form,  
 She felt her wild heart, like a storm  
 Of passion beating the old love down  
 Since this new love was all her own,  
 Till her still eloquence, tear by tear,  
 Baptized the angel, "mortal," here.

Did heaven translate her in that hour?  
This was the paradise of power;  
The air shook with a joy intense,  
“Vive l’Imperatrice et Vive le Prince!”  
And banners blazed for them, as though  
Heaven furnished its pavilion-bow.

The voice of fate was strong and clear,—  
She lifted up her voice in prayer,  
She walked no longer in a cloud,  
The royal babe had made her proud,  
For “a principality” she prayed,  
And asked no lower of God’s aid.

What was there that could be forgiven  
In this white prayer, that went to heaven?  
She only asked it for her son  
The royal lily of her throne,  
And every mother asks the most  
That kin or country has to boast!

Millions on millions knew her prayer,  
And prayed God “their first born to spare,”  
Prayed Him, “that sweat, not blood, should flow  
To give the grain its harvest glow,  
Their red atonements make France free,  
But not, a principality.”

It was the common people’s prayer  
Rose from each fire-side altar there,  
Bearing each Frenchman’s soul to heaven,  
Asking the least, that can be given



To help God's frail humanity,  
But naught for principality.

Not for that cold but mighty head  
Resting, at last, among the dead,  
That would not let men be at rest  
While he could hear the groaning breast  
Of earth beneath his cannon wheels  
Which lulled him with their thunder peals;

Not for that cold and impious hand  
That slipped the chains upon the land,  
Hurled his *coup d'état* at consent  
And mocked them with a President,  
Nor let them see one stony tear  
To calm their trembling hearts of fear,

Will sword and banner blaze again ;  
Although France has her iron men ;—  
For Freedom leases life too strong,  
To yield kings this red-handed wrong,  
And Time, dull, stony-eyed will see  
A sphinx, of the Principality.

July, 1879.

---

GENESIS.

FAITH in God! a stern expression  
Preached to believers in early time:  
“Maranatha, or a full confession,”  
Thundered the Canon Law for crime:  
Pain has lost its fascination

For the man who kneels to pray,  
 Brand and scourge and mutilation  
 Amuse no idling bigots to-day,  
 Heretics robed *san-benito*  
 No court *Ex Cathedra* claims,  
*Auto-da-fé* has lost its hero  
 Saved by this baptism of flames,  
 Rack and stake from mind we banish,  
 Iron collar, crown of snags,  
 Not a man dare think in Spanish  
 Of Religion using gags.

Once, the stars the Lord has scattered  
 Bountifully on the sky,  
 Some souls thought they there were spattered  
 For an ornamental dye;  
 The huge Opalescent Concave  
 Wore the polish of a stone  
 Which the fracturing fires engrave  
 With a thunder-splitting tone;  
 And the things they claimed as sponsors  
 For the young religious thought  
 Were'the things that were the monsters  
 Recently from Chaos brought.

Then, the tree inlaced in corsets  
 Laced some maiden in its arms,  
 'Twas a lover's trick, to toss its  
 Purgatories at her charms,  
 And the lilies in the shallows,  
 And the echoes 'mong the hills,

And the torrents in their wallows,  
And the wind's great organ mills,  
And the waters of the fountain,  
And the mists upon the river  
Had their gods who made a mountain  
Of our cosmographic sliver.

When man's only contemplation  
Was a creed he could not read,  
He refused the Revelation  
Of the human mind to plead,  
Thought his intellect a treason,  
Thought the God of Wisdom bored  
With the attribute of Reason,  
Eve's lost attribute restored.—

Mind began its resurrection,  
Broke away from priestly fraud,  
From the sun's concentrated section  
This Copernican Sphere was thawed,  
Through the diaphanic ether  
Man could read the heavenly sphere,  
Lyra's music sounded sweeter  
When time brought the rhythm here,  
Aldebaran's noble anger  
At the Metador, concealed  
But an intellectual slander  
Of a scientific field,  
And the nebula was something  
Beside Berenice's hair  
Which so long had had the trumpeting

Of a sacrificial air,  
 And the law of gravitation  
 Stars and atomies control  
 When, the spark of Inspiration  
 Touched the spark of Newton' soul.

Darkness fled when Fracastoro  
 At the baby-world did knock,  
 'Twas a Genesis he came to,  
 Fossils cradled in the rock,—  
 Since, we walk the earth's green door-yard  
 Graced with statues water-cut,  
 Read time's monographs upon hard  
 Granite boulder, porphyry strut,  
 Propping up the sectile surface,  
 And the clambering stair of trap,  
 And basaltic column which trace  
 Of Time's lettering every scrap.

There's a Genesis of brotherhood  
 At the table of the Lord ;  
 Earth, indeed, has been the mother good  
 That has set us in accord  
 With the smoking tea from China,  
 Mocha! O the Gods must dine her  
 Tutelary Saint of Yemem—  
 These have opened the world to freemen,  
 Savory spices from Malacca,  
 Ruby mulberries from the Caspian,  
 And the fig which seems to track her  
 Seeds across the tropic zone,

Grapes flushed with the fires Vesuvian,  
Lemon-drops from bland Mentone,  
And the date likewise commences  
Where cooked victuals injure man  
And can lay its proud pretenses  
To Damascus and Iran.  
We have spread our Constitution  
For the table-cloth, our fare  
Is the marvelous contribution  
Which this generous earth can spare.

Minnesota shakes the pockets  
Of her wheat-fields for their gold,  
Earth can find no way to dock its  
Bounty, which her coffers hold ;  
From the bosom of Illinois  
Rivers of milk and honey flow,  
Round the world they do "Ahoy"  
Her for all that she can grow,  
She has fields of corn so ample  
That her hungry sisters wait  
Till her locomotives sample  
It and bring it to the gate ;  
California's banners flutter  
While her northern cereals sweeten,  
And her southern fruits do stutter  
With their juices, when they're eaten ;  
And the sugars of our tropic  
Through as long a cane do flow  
As would serve to make the tooth-pick  
For a Patagonian beau ;

While the oranges of Florida  
 With the rice crop of Mobile  
 Grow upon the glassy corridor  
 Which covers up our keel.

O the morning star of Genesis  
 Points our residence in Eden,  
 It is gaurded by a Nemesis  
 'Gainst the disobedient heathen,  
 Where true learning spreads so ample  
 Every race within its reach,  
 Every man can pluck a sample,  
 We can print a book for each.

Praise to God! a grander Genesis  
 Has been heralded through earth;  
 Christ proclaims his exegesis  
 "Love the price of heaven,"—Henceforth  
 Nations called to love and harmony,  
 Nations filled with joy and peace,  
 While His grand triumphant melody  
 Strikes the Heavenly key with these.

Time is something that's incipient,  
 God is never growing old—  
 Eternity is but the increment  
 Of to-day, which onward rolled  
 Its next Genesis to unfold.

## PERSIA.

A POEM suggested by the presentation of the bust of Tom Moore to the city of Brooklyn by the St. Patrick's Society, May 28, 1879, on which occasion the union of Irish, Persian and American flags was introduced in honor of the poet of "Lalla Rookh."

HAIL, Persia, hail! thy royal name  
 Once the Koh-i-noor of nations,  
 Is richly blazoned in *sacred flame*  
 With Zend illuminations,  
 And sparkles like the evening's skies  
 With history's constellations,  
 Ere Europe opened thy grasping eyes  
 Thou asked Asia's oblations.

Men gave to Egypt a name to wear  
 "The mother, the eldest nation ;"  
 God selected an Eastern vale to bear  
 "The Paradise" of creation,  
 And somewhere planted mysterions trees  
 Where the tide of the green-gulf washes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose honeyed fragrance the blue-winged breeze  
 Round the realm of Eden flashes,  
 And placed man in the midst thereof  
 Ruling his heart with beauty,  
 The "Fallen Pair" in the legend of love,  
 For thy Gulzar<sup>2</sup> vales, might woo thee ;  
 For the women of Yzed<sup>3</sup> have a fame as fair  
 As their faces, which have no peer,

In wedded life, the charms they wear  
 Make man's only heaven here,  
 With the bread that he eats of Yzedceas  
 And the wine that Shiraz orders  
 And the violet lilies which stain the grass  
 'Long the gay Zayinderud's<sup>4</sup> borders.

The mightiest among men which warr'd  
 Thou hast begotten, O Persia!  
 Thy babe exposed, to victual a pard,<sup>5</sup>  
 Was wiser star'd than Media,  
 For like the Eternal-Hand which strove  
 With the deluge at creation,  
 Cyrus humbled the world, as a sea, to move  
 For him of every nation;  
 His apotheosis left thy trust  
 Pasárgada's marble bier,  
 When Greece had halted round the dust  
 Which sleeps so potent here,  
 His shield, scimitar, and Seythian bow  
 Were all the tokens of honor  
 His tomb, when opened, had to show  
 The man who wept to conquer;  
 Hystaspes left thee to reveal  
 The strength of Persia's throne  
 His foot, visé found on his seal  
 Carved on Behistun's stone,<sup>6</sup>--  
 And are Persepolis' glories vain  
 Surviving common things,  
 Name, deeds immortally remain,  
 "Xerxes is king of kings."<sup>7</sup>



When the locusts of Mahomet  
 Swooped upon thee, like the horse  
 Of St. John, thou wast the forfeit<sup>s</sup>  
 For Death's, or for Allah's cause,  
 Over thy mountains, through thy valleys  
 Where the fire of Mythras burned,  
 How they poured, those lustful harpies  
 Filthier than the swine they spurned,—  
 And thy pure symbolic worship  
 Without taint or shame, was vext—  
 Just to please the harem's gossip  
 Or to swell the Koran's text ;  
 Nor can *we* to guilt confine thee  
 For indulging with the savage,  
 Christian nations look supinely  
 On his ravishing and ravage,  
 Cities, villages and hamlet  
 Know how Bashi-Bazouks murder,  
 Thanks, the northern tyrant lives yet,  
 Thanks to God for Alexander !

The poet has flourished his wand o'er thy vales,<sup>9</sup>  
 O'er thy flowers, o'er thy streams, o'er thy mountains  
 and gales,  
 He has filled thee with music like sweet Israfil,  
 Who singing in heaven, the angel's keep still ;  
 He has found the blue campaka blossoming there,  
 Save, in Eden and thee, it's not found any-where ;  
 Like bright stars are the lakes 'mong thy hills and  
 thy dells  
 Where the blue lotus swings to the wavelets its bells,

Or the nymphae blows open her vermilion-cup  
 And the gold-powered psyche sips all her love up,  
 Where the birds of the spice-wood build nests for  
     their loves,  
 And the orchards are filled with the blue turtle-doves,  
 And the alma is full of its fruit and its flower,  
 Where it hangs all the year in the sky for a bower ;  
 And the soil shines as yellow with lilies, as gold,  
 As each rain-drop a star from the heaven did hold,  
 And the serpent is charmed by the emerald's eye,  
 And the dew is too pure to transmit e'en a dye  
 To the scimiter, true to a hair on its edge,  
 And the fountains, like Zemzem's, complete every pledge ;  
 Where the insects do sport such a regal attire  
 They deserve to be "damsels"—for each graceful gyre ;  
 Where the maidens of Cashmere come out of the bath  
 With a skin like the tint that an Orman pearl hath,  
 Where the tips of their fingers are rosy as buds  
 Of the coral, the stain which the rich henna rubs,  
 With eyes looking mild as the sweet eyes of Alla,  
 With the dark shade that colors their soft drooping cilla,  
 With the spangles of campac which purple their hair  
 Like the luster of skies, when the planets are there ;  
 But the rose of Cashmere can outrival them all,  
 "The light of the harem, the young Nourmahal."

Persia, through thy veins the purple  
 Of the Asian kings has flowed ;  
 Where thy common blood did gurgle  
 There a love for freedom glowed ;  
 Gao's<sup>10</sup> veins were filled with iron

Like the Vulcan—of the gods—  
Under whose ægis he turned the fire on  
Which consumes all tyrants' rods.  
Persia, thou art effete and weary  
Like men when decay appears ;  
Nations lose their pride as easy  
When they live to die of years,  
And, their battle-flags have feasted  
The moth's epicurean taste,  
And, their armaments are wasted,  
And, their heroes' graves effaced.

Thou, voluptuous Orient dying,  
Casting dust upon thy head,  
With thy beard dyed scarlet, trying<sup>11</sup>  
To deceive how near thou art dead ;  
Isfahan, thy crown, how craven,  
Hark, how reptiles nest in her !  
And the birds of pray now raven<sup>12</sup>  
On the sick Autocrat ;  
Yet two spirits watch and ward thee,  
Are the Prophet's cherubim—  
Rose-dew sparkles on their poetry,  
Are his dual seraphim—  
Hafiz', Sa'di's wings upwaft thee<sup>13</sup>  
Trimmed with love's enamoring fire,  
Blowing the ashes from thy story  
Christian-Freedom kindles it higher.

How sweet the songs of nations  
Whose hearts are in accord ;

Their triune variations  
Are one in praise to God ;  
Iran poured out a morning hymn  
From her religious soul,  
And when the sun's broad glowing rim  
Toward the West did roll  
Ireland's sweet harper laid his hand  
Upon his golden-lyre,  
Music the distance quickly spann'd—  
The sun rose up no higher—  
America caught up the strain  
And sung the grand Antiphony,  
The sun went round the world again  
And Persia heard her victory.

## NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> The Persian Gulf has been called the "green gulf" by Moore.

<sup>2</sup> Gul is the Persian for rose. Gulzar, a rose-bower.

<sup>3</sup> There is a proverb that, to live happy, a man must marry a wife of Yzed, eat the bread of Yzedecias, and drink the wine of Shiraz. *Tavernier, Tom Moore's Note.*

<sup>4</sup> The Zayinderud—a beautiful feature in the view of Ispahan—is a river with no outfall. Tapped at every turn, and its waters led away to irrigate fields and gardens, the gay Zayinderud lies in the plains to the east of Ispahan.

<sup>5</sup> Astyages, King of Media, and grandfather of Cyrus, saw a vision—a vine appeared to spring from the womb of Mandane, his daughter, which overspread all Asia. When the child was born, the king delivered it to Harpagus, a person whose intimacy he used, who transferred the child to a herdsman to be exposed on the mountain.—*Book Clio, Herodotus.*

<sup>6</sup> The scarp of a rock in Persia, on which an inscription in cuneiform records the victories of Darius Hystaspes, who is represented as receiving the homage of captives, on one of whom he has planted his foot.—*Translated by Sir Henry Rawlinson.*

<sup>7</sup> On the platform of Persepolis is the magnificent propylæum of King Xerxes, with the inscription, "I am Xerxes the king, the great king, the king of kings."—*Translated by Sir Henry Rawlinson.*

<sup>8</sup> Revelation, ix, 7: "And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle."

<sup>9</sup> For "imagery," see notes to *Lalla Rookh.*

<sup>10</sup> Gao, a blacksmith, successfully crushed the tyrant Zohat, and his apron became the royal standard of Persia.

<sup>11</sup> In Persia old men dye the beard scarlet.

<sup>12</sup> The Shah's power exists by favor of England and Russia.

<sup>13</sup> The two great poets, Hafiz and Saadi, were both natives of Shiraz. The former has been dead 488 years, the latter 588 years. Their tombs are found in inclosures beside the path which slopes into Shiraz from the hills.

## THE GYPSY QUEEN.

MATILDA STANLEY, the Gypsy Queen, died at Vicksburg, Miss., 1877, and was buried as Woodtown Cemetery, Dayton, Ohio, September 15, 1878.

In opening the poem we have used the idea in vogue when a youth, that the Gypsy came from Egypt, or was one of the lost tribes of Israel. It is now accepted that they wandered into Europe from India in the fifteenth century, and have since scattered over the countries of the West.

Up to the wild-wood with her  
 Gather the gypsy's quaint,  
 By our Christian rites, a sinner,  
 By nature's codex, a saint,  
 By society's creed, an outcast,  
 By their Egyptian blood, a lily  
 Pure as the one in Nilus glassed  
 Moses in his bulrush willy.

Into this green wood temple  
 Which rose without hammer or sound,  
 Under trees that dance and tremble  
 As Amphion's lyre was found—  
 Gather the mixed descendants  
 Of Copt or Indian blood  
 Or the tribes of Israel's tents  
 That vanished in Sechem's wood.

Nature in every feature,  
 Changeable as the wind,

Shy as the pretty creature  
That favors the stag and hind,  
Full of color and sunshine,  
Cursed as the Judas-tree,  
Free as the bear to dine  
On the dish of the wilding bee,  
Full of music as song-birds,  
Up with the morning lark,  
Melancholy as the words  
Of the prowling owl at dark,  
Homeful as the domestic robin  
In the cherry month of June,  
Harsh as the jays when cobbin'  
Each other with quarrelsome tune.

Only the simplest fashion  
From conventional man they copy,  
The shady side of a wagon  
Or an open and airy marquee,  
A pot, a pan, and a griddle,  
With a fire in the open air,  
With a flue through the blue middle  
Of the sky, the smoke to rear,  
And like the winds, they pleasure  
Around this zony world,  
Packing along the treasure  
They fugitively culled  
From orchards and from vineyards,  
From corn and melon patch,  
And donkey after dark discards  
The thistles for the cratch ;

As every wild-wood clan,  
They naturally are free  
To take from every man,  
Nor stoop to beggary.

Children of nature, like their nurse,  
With preternatural sight  
They see the witches which disperse  
A blessing or a blight,  
They talk with river-ghosts which veil  
Their forms in gauzy mist,  
They know the Jack-'o-Lantern's trail,  
The Echo's hidden tryst,  
The cipher which the honey-bee  
Has put upon his bank,  
The witch-moss found upon the tree  
With its polaric frank,  
The wimple which the moon will wear  
Before we have a rain,  
The fish that leap, the frogs that swear  
The gypsies' art remain,  
The communistic flight of birds  
Which follow round the seasons  
Call forth their prophesying words  
Without prosaic reasons.

Baskets of osier braided  
And mats of woven rush  
And fans whose feathers padded  
The water-fowl with plush  
They offer, with a hint about



“ Your broken-bottom chairs,”  
Or ask to spell your fortune out  
In the lettering your palm wears,  
Nor is their black-art spelling  
Always so far from truth,  
But, we think that fortune-telling  
Was the Endor’s trade, forsooth.

When mansion, cot and wild-wood tent  
Had seen the ripened shock  
Of corn, which, like pure gold, is sent,  
Put under key and lock,  
Then Death, with th’ sable shadows  
Following in his train,  
Stalks where his potent arrows  
Hurtle, to find the slain,  
On the Gypsy camp has fallen  
And taken a shining mark,  
The clans have put a pall on,  
For the queen in death is stark.

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MY JOURNAL.

Do n’t you want to hear my journal,  
Where I write my life in keys?  
I won’t mind an interruption,  
You may stop me when you please ;  
But perhaps you’ll find my story  
Like another’s—I don’t know ,

There is such a close resemblance  
In our lives, of joy and woe.

Time has made the illustrations ;  
Youth, restrained by flowery chains,  
Tearing fretfully her fetters  
When an iron chain remains.

Woman, reaching stars to crown her  
Toils, to gain a dizzy seat,  
When she suddenly remembers  
Earth laid diamonds at her feet.

Then a pilgrim tired of waiting,  
With one pale star on her head  
Which at last must pay the obol  
To the Ferryman of the dead.

'Tis a chain, however lightly  
It is fashioned, if it warns,—  
I have lived to love the roses  
And to pardon all the thorns.

Turn this leaf of recollection  
At the childhood of my heart ;  
Now the nettle's in the conscience  
If I fail to act my part.

Pray, what is a faithful journal  
But the open Judgment Book,  
Where we truthfully should copy  
Just the character we took ?

Here I babbled of a neighbor,  
There I helped a scandal fly  
For I listened without speaking  
And pronouncing it "a lie!"

There, my heart was growing haughty,  
Here, my look was growing proud  
And I passed both men and women  
As do people in a crowd,

And I wrote it here to warn me  
Not to make myself a judge,  
That to "look up and encourage,"  
Had the world a right to grudge.

Not a blank leaf in my journal,  
Not a blank day in my life,  
Wrong or right, I've thought or acted  
Up to human nature rife.

Love was breathed into a woman  
With the spirit of her God,  
Felt when she was led to Adam,  
Named in honor of her lord,

She has proved its sweet fulfillment  
Both in spirit and in law,  
Adam till he saw a woman  
Wondered "what was Eden for."

Over and over, love is the drama  
Filled with mystery as then,

Just as tempting hangs the apple,  
Just as sweet the sin has been.

Here I scorned a fallen sister,  
God have pity on her soul,  
How she struggled in her misery  
'Gainst the tempter's wild control ;

Men have preached and prayed and written  
And sung " Poverty is clean ;"  
I pronounce it here " a falsehood,"  
Never blacker lie was seen ;

It has burned the cheek of beauty,  
It has eaten out the heart,  
It has poisoned every virtue,  
It has deadened every part ;

I will preach it, I will pray it,  
I will write it till I die,  
That the curse of men and women  
Is the " Curse of Poverty."

O this page is blurred and blotted  
With my tears, tears, tears,  
Love can fill the heart with heaven,  
For its angels Death appears ;

I have had a cross laid on me,  
On a tree I have been crossed,  
And I wrote this in my passion  
With the blood which I have lost.

Let me shut the book up softly,  
 Lay a mark here to be seen,  
 I have sat thus by the hour,  
 With my finger in between.

---

O, GREEN BE THE SONGS THAT INSPIRE  
 THEE, OLD IRELAND.

O, green be the songs that inspire thee, old Ireland,  
 With love and devotion at home and afar,  
 A country denied to thy children's desire, band  
 They, maddening to rescue their emerald star.

Thy heart it has broken, while yielding to others,  
 Who proudly have wooed thee for mistress, not wife,  
 The sea and the ocean embrace thee like lovers,  
 O why the espousal, that's slavish for life!

Thy valleys and hillsides if blooming with harvest,  
 Or paling with famine, which stalks through thy fields,  
 Alike to the serf and the beggar the protest,  
 "The land for the lords, and the lords for the yields."

If thine be the sorrow, the shame by thy eggars,  
 To feast in the palace and starve in the cot  
 Has made thee 'mong nations a nation of beggars,  
 Thy masters have given thee this bastardized blot.

Not of sinew and blood has old Ireland been paupered;  
 The world has grown rich on thy bone and thy sweat,

In the armies of Ind where thy veterans are quartered,  
Or laying the new world with Bessemer net.

And ever, wherever they fall to the windward  
Of patriot, they answer the patriot's call,  
And freedom is seldom seen drifting to wind hard,  
But her foes have been shifted by Irishmen's ball.

When thy wit finds its pole, in the heat of the forum,  
Its flash in the face of the Lion, is a shock :  
As Burke with his eloquence held him a spell dumb,  
Or Curran, or Grattan, or Phillips that spoke.

But why are their words like the pearls to the swine-herd?  
O Ireland, thou fearest the strength of thy soul !  
Thy bosom must release, at thy freedom, a free bird  
To circle thy spiritual and temporal pole.

Thy soul must be free, as thy arm, to protect thee :  
No fear of the judgment that follows the blow :  
Thy God, be the Liberty come to defend thee,  
Who suffers no vicar to ask for thy vow.

She comes an Immortal ! She comes from the burning  
Which melted the fetters from church and from state ;  
A cross had not held up the Christ, to the spurning  
Of Roman and Jew, had she followed her fate !

She comes with the keys and the locks of the prisons,  
The seals and the forgeries used at the dock,  
While Conscience waves proudly her flag of revisions,  
And Reason o'ertumbles the stake and the block.

She comes with the love of a man for his brother—  
 “And teaches the Earth and the Heaven are one,  
 The friends of this life are the friends of the other,  
 And Hell’s broadest gate is what hate has undone.”

With her for thy Virgin, and her for St. Patrick,  
 Thy heart shall be nerved, and thy arm shall be steeled,  
 And Ireland shall hail ’gainst the Lion, her bailiwick,  
 And beggars, and land-laws, and taxes repealed.

Whose harp can ring clearer, whose escutcheon shine  
 brighter,  
 In the romances told of old England and Gaul?  
 Boast, boast! for one name could emblazon a miter,  
 Thy Wellington captured the Waterloo Ball.

Thy instinct, old Ireland, is hatred of kingship;  
 Thy sons find their glory where this finds a foe;  
 In war and in peace they inherit a sonship  
 With Mulligan, MacMahon, Montgomery, McDonough.

And ever, wherever they fall to the windward  
 Of patriot, they answer the patriot’s call,  
 And freedom is seldom seen drifting to wind hard,  
 But her foes have been shifted by Irishmen’s ball.

---

 THE SNOW-BALL.

O! a fairy dance has the beautiful snow  
 Tumbling from the clouds above,  
 With a flutter of tiny wings, so low,

We think of the arrows of love ;  
 First *forward* and *back* and down *chasses*  
 And waltzes, round in round ;  
 It is a ball of the snowy fays,  
 On their flight to the frozen ground.

Their gossamer dresses of snowy white  
 Stream down the billowy air,  
 Each wearing slippers of ice for flight  
 Beside the wings they wear,  
 Each crowned with a silver wreath of flowers  
 Which bloomed in Jack Frost's hand  
 When he froze the mist into crystal bowers,  
 Winter's crispy sunbows spanned.

Each starting for the Fairies Ball  
 Goes light as a bubble of mirth,  
 Unheeding the realm where the wild winds call  
 And whistle her down to earth ;  
 The sprite who feels her slipped foot  
 On the air's enchanted floor,  
 Must dance, as she felt her soul was mute  
 To all but the dance that hour.

Still round and round in an airy ring  
 With *forward* and *back* they go,  
 Till my terpsichorean muse must sing  
 A dance for the beautiful snow,  
 Till bursting through the dismal clay  
 Which fetters her wings below,  
 She flies, to dance with these frisky fay  
 And turn to a flake of snow.



But what is the matter? While she sings  
 Her tune grows fainter and faint,  
 As though her soul had dropped its wings  
 And ceased to be a saint,  
 Ah! there she lies on the frozen ground  
 With all of the fallen snow,  
 Reminded each happiest soul is bound  
 To its treacherous bubble below.

---

 A'DIOS ESPAÑA.

AUGUST 3RD, 1492—AUGUST 3RD, 1884.

*A'Dios España!* cried a valiant crew,  
*A'Dios,* wives and maids!  
*Santa Isabel* guards what heroes do,  
 Every gallant Spaniard aids,  
*Viva! Viva!* for the roving gales  
 Which hurry our ships to sea,  
 Reaching the golden India vales  
 They shall forfeit an argosy.

*Viva! Viva!* our Sailor Saint  
 Is San Cristobal's captain too;  
 Men yield to courage as to restraint  
 Roaming lands and oceans through,  
 Imploring Priest and King and Queen  
 Confessing a rover's tale,  
 Jesus preserve him, bless him and lean  
 Thine hand to his favoring gale.

*Gracias! Gracias!* for God's mighty space  
 Of Ocean 'twixt shore and shore,  
 Nor ever Campeador did raise  
 His courage higher before ;  
 If storms will threaten and calms will fright  
 And compass too will fail,  
 The captain on sea will steer aright,  
 The Lord with him remain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four hundred years ago, the sea  
 Wore this western amulet,  
 Columbus found the divinity  
 Then, jeweled from crown to feet,  
 And never adventurer on the sea  
 Nor discoverer on the land  
 Has entered the lists of chivalry  
 To accomplish a feat so grand.

The God of miracles made this west  
 A Goshen of corn and wheat,  
 Ships follow the stars from west to east  
 From the south and the north to meet  
 Columbia—where Spanish poet sings  
 "Hope, is the fatal apple,"  
 Which sadly back to memory brings  
 Old Spain's lost golden grapple.

## SANTO COLUMBO.

WE would canonize Columbus,  
For our tutelary Pluck,  
America would never do us  
Without Columbia, for luck.

Who his own canoe can paddle,  
Does believe that he did rock  
In the very self-same cradle  
With the great Columbo stock.

Where you find the roof-tree planted  
And the family does thrive;  
There you find the name is wanted  
For the hero of the hive.

Here, the school-house must be planted  
On this Education Rock,  
And aside from this is granted  
To all dunces still a block.

If New Doctrine prove the obstacle,  
If the Catechism slip,  
They have rigged the Tabernacle  
Just exactly like his ship.

By the compass of Faith to steer it,  
Sails of Charity unfurled,

And the rudder of Hope to veer it  
To an undiscovered world.

To rehearse our Country's story ;  
For Spain's splendor and renown,  
She becomes the gem of glory  
Glittering in the Spanish crown.

I have traced our Spanish story  
In the Mississippi's wave,  
Where the river takes a glory  
From De Soto's glassy grave.

Traced it, by a golden blossom  
Where in Florida it fell,  
When it touched a poet's bosom  
It became Perennial.

Saw a Cortez like a comet  
Sweep the plains of Mexico,  
With his Spanish sword did mow it  
With his Spanish fire did go.

Heard Balboa's soldiers trample  
First the Great Pacific Sea  
And the Earth which grew so ample  
Was man's Star of Destiny.

Where the northern snow-storms bustle  
Down upon New England hills  
And the western corn-fields rustle  
And the cotton softly fills,

There are masses by Historia  
For the Cavaliers indited,  
In each home the altar's gloria  
Is "Columbo" when recited.

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## THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS.

BY A COUNTRY BOARDER.

LIKE a Cyclone astride its black racer at night,  
On a catadrome dark as the River of Stix,  
This Cyclopean horse, which is tamed with a light,  
Thunders sixty straight heats to the hour—like a  
Nick's,  
A tread like an earthquake, to make the ground shud-  
der,  
A plume, which an old Demogorgon might wave,  
Snorts of flame, like old Etna hurls up from his  
udder  
Of fire when expelling his amorous slave.  
With a rushing, a thundering, a bellowing afar,  
Like a herd of wild buffalo scouring the plain,  
Like a hundred drums beating the *réveillé* of war  
You will hear at dead midnight the wild Lightning  
Train,  
Like a comet blazed out on the black brow of night,  
Like a meteor burst in the region of ether,  
You turn blind in its stare of Gorgonean light,  
Its Plutonian shrieks strike you mute as in Lethe.

While the cool lulling winds of the night are enchanting  
 The heats of the Summer away from your brain,  
 And Amor and Erato are tenderly planting  
 Dreams of love and Elysium, sweet solace for pain,  
 Lo! the bedlamite whistle has broken your rare ease  
 And fractured your ear—while the dreams of the Muses  
 Have fled, as the Lightning Train carried the Harpies—  
 Ugly, woman-faced birds, which belong to the deuces.

The Sun garnered up his hot harvest of sunshine,  
 The dew gently dripped from the black locks of night,  
 Quaffing draughts of sweet sleep, like somniferous wine,  
 I lay cooling, and dreaming, and wooing the sprite  
 Who was pouring her trifles of love in my ear,  
 When a shock to my sensories, pungent with pain  
 Dropped me down from the cloud, where the Muses  
 appear—

I awoke, but to rave at the wild Lightning Train.

*June 26, 1884. Thermometer 96° in the shade.*

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## THE ROSE OF PORTUGAL.

THE poem is founded on a story of Portugal, illustrating the custom of not permitting sweethearts to meet until the paternal consent is obtained to the suit.

WHERE maidens blush through their tawny skins  
 And lips have the glow of carnardines,  
 Where black eyes could be charged with sins  
 If familiarly talking by dumb signs,

Languishing, flashing, smiling, leering  
 Were accorded a confessional hearing,

A maiden was found to suit the tale :  
 'T was in the kingdom of Portugal,  
 Where genuine Port wine is for sale  
 Which carries the name of the town to all,  
 Just where you would expect such eyes  
 Were plenty after the Moor's rise

Or a beautiful Jewess could think  
 Her's were the eyes we were singing about,  
 For Saint David left a link  
 Which the Braganza counted out—  
 Hounded out—with their arts and sciences,  
 Then raised nettles for church and penances.

The fact adheres, that Portuguese wills  
 The first did shapen our argillous cake,  
 For a De Gama's ships were drills  
 For the sea, like a true earthquake,  
 When he exploded Tormento Cape,  
 And discovered the Earth's new shape.

You will find in a true love tale  
 Just the pluck to conquer Ophir,  
 Portuguese captains did boldly sail  
 To Brazil, then a Western loafer,  
 Charting unknown seas with new found lands,  
 Helping the Lord with willing hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

When we feel our passions tense,  
 Sentiments morbid, emotions dumb,

Then we try the Persian sense  
To the love that is slow to come,  
“Darling, dear, my angel, sweet”  
Feed the flame when sweethearts meet.

But in the kingdom of Portugal,  
Strange, with their warm southern fervor,  
That love is mistrusted as too dull  
A passion for lovers to talk it over,  
And love strategically is won  
Like a belligerent garrison.

A maid with a heart as rich and warm  
As a blood-red Rose of Portugal,  
A soul as merry as a piper's shawm,  
Nor her's the exception, where in all  
The fields and veñas the harvesters cheer  
Their labor by singing in roundelay clear.

But for a sweetheart she was dumb  
As the marble wife of Pygmalion,  
A prevalent fashion of the kingdom  
Where lovers are kept apart, and one  
Keeps watching the street from her window  
An admirer's pleading eyes to know.

And this in the land of Camoens;  
And beside the reigning king is a poet:  
I have read a translation was his pen's  
Of Shakspeare, truly he may owe it  
To the bard who wrote so much of kings,  
A friendly interchange of rings.



But flirting with a hint, with a sign, with a token,  
 With a rose dropped carelessly at the feet,  
 Sad souhings through lips that have never spoken,  
 Palms clasping for hands which they never meet,  
 Brought the lovers to that desperate bid for com-  
 passion  
 Which ended this pantomime of passion.

The Church here, holds Saint Peter's place,  
 Retains the key for a girl's admission  
 To heavenly love or its negative face  
 Can equally send her to perdition,  
 Are its arrows dyed with her crimson pain  
 'Tis her expiation for every stain.

The wedding hour came round, and where  
 We await the train and the marriage bells  
 And dancers to unweave the music's snare  
 While the gay *bolero* faints and swells,  
 The troth was broken the ring united,  
 As death was the only spirit it plighted.

But hearts were broken worse than all :—  
 The rare old Moresque jewels' blaze  
 Was quenched in the sables on the wall,  
 With the pride of the Olyssipolis<sup>1</sup> race ;  
 For the Rose had died of the love it bore—  
 The Rose in the coffin, but not on the door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lord! in thy name it is ever done  
 Suiciding in Hell that Heaven be won,

As a lamb for the shambles love is slain  
With the body in bonds and the heart in twain,  
With Cross and Nail and Thorn and Spear  
The Church keeps crucifying here.

Forced to a cell all bare and grated  
Went she, called "the Bride of Christ,"  
With a human skull was mated  
God enveloped in bloody mist,—  
Conscience dazed, and love a sob  
For the man the Church did rob.

Thirty years he sought the pavement,  
'Took th' dumb lover's statued part,  
Storm or sunshine daily there went,  
Carried an old man's broken heart,  
While the nun grew old and waited  
Dumbly at her window grated.

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NOTE.

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<sup>11</sup>IN the *Luciad* we read that Ulysses, in his wanderings, is supposed to have reached Portugal, and that his descendants settled Oporto; therefore the people were called the Olyssipolis race.

## THE OLD WIFE ; OR, A MARITAL DILEMMA.

NEVER for you, the Old Wife's role,  
Comb the curl from my silvering hairs,  
Bind 'neath a frill, that my frigid poll  
May mope the rest of my wifely years?

These memorials, now remain the best  
Of th' orange sprays I wore, that hour  
I modestly felt I could proudly rest  
On your bosom, "a nuptial flower"  
"Peerless" you said on our wedding day :  
Do you prize it, as such, now my hair is gray?

It seems only a little ago ;—  
Time from every one will steal,  
Even the blush, which a maiden will show,  
Even the thought, which that blush will reveal ;  
With our consent, these, do seem to go,  
When there is nothing, we try to conceal ;—  
Time steals the blush, the complexion, the hair,  
Was it love, that you wedded, or only its snare ?

Has the thrill died out of my heart,  
Though the blush has died on my cheek ?  
Does no fire to my faded eye start ?  
Does the expression no praises speak ?  
You are troubl'd, that I'm growing old ?

Dismiss the robber, that takes your bride ;—  
 For my beauty, a compensation you hold,  
 He is blinding you, while you talk of pride.

When the fire of youth is smoldering, then  
 We are falling to ashes, year after year ;  
 Till the dross has burned out of the gold, and been  
 Cast out to the carnal heap, we leave here ;  
 And we carry a heart without pretense,  
 A mind relieved of corroding care,  
 A spirit filled with a heavenly essence,  
 A countenance holier, for prayer.

In the heart of a song, love is ever sweet,  
 Our voices attuned this, long ago,  
 Our hearts did accord what the words repeat,  
 Our eyes did fill up the measure too ;  
 “ Sweeter ; sweetest sing it over ”  
 You requested like a lover ;  
 Now I ’m old, to be my lover  
 Will you try to sing it over ?

By these shadows, I know I am growing old,  
 By this curl that is part of a youthful crown,  
 By the scent of death which the orange does hold,  
 By the song that is still, the tune that has flown ;  
 Yes I am old, but one day long passed  
 Never grows old, as the years grow old,  
 It was when my dead from my arms, at last  
 Went out with the coffin my heart did hold.

\* \* \* \* \*

I know how love comes a wooing,  
How his footsteps halt, pursuing,  
How we catch the hesitating  
Of his hand on the door waiting,  
How we start, and go, and stand  
And hush the throbbing 'neath our hand,  
And check the tell-tale in our face  
By putting on a stiffer grace.

I see favor presume to place  
Love on a woman's manner or dress,  
Beauty, which adds a softer grace,  
Riches, which adorn unloveliness,  
But my adoration's object  
Wore the soul's imperial seal,—  
This, the idol, of Love's project,  
This, I worship, through woe and weal.

These memory bells, these memory bells  
Sweeter with years and clearer with age,  
Of the hallowéd past their melody tells,  
The curtain of age is rung up, on the stage  
The drama, is life, the actors are youth,  
They come on and go out with their parts, in sooth  
Nothing grows old, except women and men,  
Nor too old, to go back to rehearsal again.

We can play it all over, the bitter and sweet,  
We can freeze our tears in the fires of grief,  
We can kiss the fetters which bind our feet,  
We can carry a cross, if we seek relief,—  
Yes I am old, I thank God for this,

I have given the rod a parting kiss,  
 I am walking a road which I never miss,  
 I shall pass into Heaven a child—in bliss.

Last night in dreaming of love  
 Angels were passing by,  
 With harps they floated above  
 On billows of melody,  
 They were singing of you,  
 I was dreaming from memory,  
 In my heart is the song and the angel too,  
 Must the Old Wife dream a threnody?

I am growing old and my years hold  
 Together like this ring of gold,  
 While I wear it there, my heart will glow  
 In renewing the vows of long ago,  
 Though I sometimes, ask of this ring, "if again  
 You would marry me over, if unwedded, as when  
 I was sealed unto you in the presence of men?"

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NEWPORT, R. I.

WRITTEN in the Redwood Library, and copied, by request, into the Register of the Institution.

OF all Earth's monarch's, here reigns one  
 Men never will disown,  
 God's seal is printed on the stone  
 Where Newport has her throne,

Her Royal Consort wears a ring  
Of costliest emerald  
Jeweled so rarely, it will bring  
The wealth of half a world,  
With this, he clasps her to his side  
Where love's wild currents flow,  
The world will come to kiss the Bride,  
But leave her pure as snow.

*December 6, 1883.*

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## THE BENDING OF ULYSSES' BOW.

[Odyssey, Book 21.]

THE sudden transition of the narrative from danger and adventure to the spectacular scene, "The Bending of Ulysses' Bow," creates an ecstasy seldom enjoyed in reading a classic poem.

We trust the classic reader will appreciate our intention of giving a list of the suitors in the lines, preceding the verses in which Penelope having discovered her king and husband Ulysses in the beggar stranger, tries her strategem with her persecutors, by introducing the ordeal of Ulysses' Bow.

SEE proud Ithaca, the goddess  
Of the consecrated isles,  
Drunk on love and wholly godless  
Maddened by a woman's wiles ;  
See the frenzy of the suitors  
Gathering for the final strife,  
Like Greeks when the clamorous rumors  
Made the rape of Helen rife ;  
Look at impudent Antinous  
The commandant of the train ;

Eurymachus who would do worse  
 Seek with flatteries the vain ;  
 Keep a watch on vile Ctesippus  
 Who did hurl an ox's heel  
 At the stranger, thought to truss  
 Him in Oreus like a veal ; .  
 Set a spy on sly Melanthius,  
 That low goatherd of a thing  
 Who with slanderous tales and envious  
 Did insult his unknown king ;  
 Watch the sneaking priest Leoides  
 Who the queenly bed desires,  
 It is Fate deceives his by-pleas,  
 Bland his lust—she knows its fires ;  
 See Melantho's wild cotillion,  
 Threatening with a blazing brand  
 Him who dragged through fire proud Iliion,  
 Brought off Helen with his hand.

Then contrast the kind swine-tender  
 Old Eumaeus, who would spare  
 Every thing his hut could render  
 Worthy of the stranger's fare ;  
 And the seer Theoclymenus  
 Saw the suitor's shades descending  
 Down where Oreus had a den worse,  
 Their compatriots attending ;  
 Euryclea old and hoar  
 Whose young breasts did nurse her king,  
 Who detects the dreadful gore  
 On his knee by the mad boar,



Where the cicatrice does cling;  
Loyal Philetius, the drover,  
Kindling at the very mention  
Of a chance to be the mover  
For his lord freed from detention;  
And the trusty, watchful Medon,  
Who tells all about the ambush  
Waiting for the prince Telèmachus  
Whom the wily suitors will rush  
To destruction with their black curse,  
Ere, propitious gods Ulysses  
Let return to pay avenges,  
For his vengeance never misses  
Any guilty hord's pretenses.

While, Penelope contends  
With the clamors of the crew,  
And her chastity defends  
With a feminine wisdom too,  
Day by day the suitors waited  
On the warp her fingers drew,  
Nightly was the web unbraided  
And the garment never grew,  
Till her maids disclose their torment  
“That Laertes funeral job,  
The jealous robe of ornament  
Was contrived, their suit to rob;”  
Baffled her wit, the queen must plan  
To let the suitors know  
The favoring gods have spared the man  
Who bends the Elian bow,

Her challenge brings them all,—accursed  
To touch the immortal wand,  
The stranger's fate the gods have nursed,  
He bears the immortal hand.

“It is the bow of Ithaca  
Which twenty loitering years  
Has waited for a skillful hand,  
Shall conquer all your fears.

“Set up the silver circlets twelve  
A linear space apart,  
The truest eye and steadiest hand  
Will pierce each circlet's heart.

“And those who press their ardent suit,  
Asking the queen ‘to wife,’  
Will welcome the impending fate  
Which hangs upon the strife.

“Unto the suitor who can send  
An arrow from the string,  
And bend Ulysses' wond'rous bow  
And pass each silver ring,

“Shall be disposed these queenly charms,  
The queen's fidelity,  
That all who hear of Ithaca  
Shall hear what gods decree.”

The ordeal fixed, the princes spring  
To their appointed place,

Antinous, chief, then hands the bow  
Alternate, as they face.

The priest, the first, with saintly poise  
Must draw the silken string,  
His hands have wasted all their strength  
The bow refused to spring.—

The next, accepts the stubborn horn  
Setting the singing reed,  
Its strength resists his courtly arms  
Sealing his fate decreed.—

“Bring hither, slave, the emollient oil”  
Enraged Antinous cried,  
“Rub, furbish every pore and part,  
Have gods our suits denied?”

’Tis done—and still the Elian bow  
Resists their heat of love,—  
Antinous yields his passion, which  
This ordalion test must prove.

The spumy lords smart, as they felt  
A burning rain of hisses,  
The sting is keen when they compare  
Their weakness with Ulysses.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Permitted, I would try my skill,  
And doom the flying shaft  
To pass the medium of the rings,  
My fame once of this craft.”

They jeer to hear the stranger ask,  
 "Perchance the fates command  
 That he should come to Ithaca  
 To win the queenly hand?"

Penelope with ready wit  
 Now soothes the indignant flame,  
 "He does the feat—a spear, a vest  
 Rewards his unknown fame."

'Mid clamorous sneers, the slave then goes  
 To hand the strife-ful gauge,  
 And when the deft hands prove the arm,  
 As fixed within a swage

It strains, it yields—the stubborn horn  
 Seems the man's touch to know,  
 The shaft peals forth its singing note  
 Ulysses bends the bow!

So helped the king of Ithaca  
 His queen to keep her vow,  
 The missal draws the suitors' lives  
 Ulysses bends the bow!

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THE FAIRIES.

In a sweltering spell of August weather  
 When crickets fiddle their souls away,  
 When the mercury drops its silver feather  
 Caged like a bird, from its soaring way,

The flyers, the jumpers, as well as the creeple  
Were watching a train of fiery cars,  
When Oberon crept from his leafy steeple  
Warning them, to run from the shooting stars,  
When from hollows, hills, meadows, pools, rivers  
and swales,  
From sedges, lushgrasses, ferns, flags and cat-tails,  
Flew the stars of the Fairies, the fire-flies, and soon  
All the Fairies were out in the light of the moon,  
But the march was too short, for a song with a tune.

To rendezvous upon Clover Hill  
Embroidered by a turquoise rill,  
An azurine lakelet, like a buckle  
Upon its toe, laughed a mellow chuckle  
When flowery swans from fairy bowers,  
Tossing about like a shower of flowers,  
Bounding off, when they touch the brink  
Of a wave too lightly, to feel it wink,—  
Clasped each other—wing and wing,  
And waltzed thereon in a fairy ring.

As I took the rustling wings to be  
The fairies making a head-long race,  
I made a screen of a huge oak tree  
And taking within its arms a place  
I soon forgot myself—to be  
An elf in a tent of moonlight lace,  
Which helped to deepen the mystery  
And served to show each fairy's face.

With lances atilt to joust his neighbor  
Each Ephemeron followed the rout away,  
Like doughty knights flew every chafer  
Making their wings like iron bray ;  
Behind—the Sphinx with stony stare  
And lion-feet, on eagle wings  
With dust as from a thousand years  
Gathered thereon, in tawny rings,—  
A cavalcade of mosquitoes come  
Stunning all ears with their fify hum,  
Their bills as keen as Toledo steel,  
And prick like an awl in a cobbled heel ;  
The great stag-beetles brushed their horns  
Against the branches of the grass,  
In mail of shard the nettle's thorns  
Felt soft as mosses, as they pass ;  
The bats flew round and round as tho'  
The birds and beast should know each other,  
The only fairy which I know  
With an ornithorhynchus brother ;  
Behind these gravely marched two crabs  
Xanthus and Arion from the sea,  
Their trunks like a peddler's cased in drabs  
Bore on their shoulders heavily,  
These were two fairies from the sea  
That promenade sometimes on land,  
But not so fishy as to be  
Compelled upon their tails to stand ;  
The goblins next—of all the fays  
These are the ugliest and the funniest,  
And just before the rainy days

You think their tempers are the sunniest,  
The victims of inebriation  
They drink of all the ponds and ditches,  
And wear their tails upon probation  
Then don a suit of leather breeches ;  
The lady-bugs in red and black  
Had paired off with their beaux in gold,  
And flew, instead of the mushroom hack  
In which they rode when nights were cold,  
When lady-cow fell in a flower  
Which grew an inch below her feet  
And floundering there for half an hour  
Was almost fainting with the heat  
Till lady-bird hopped on a fern,  
Yelling so lustily for "help"  
Her cousin lady-fly did turn  
And laid the flower low with a skelp ;  
The gryllus strode like an awkward crane  
Or jumped to keep up with the rest,  
Of green silk coats, they are very vain,  
With a swallow-tail, and a satin breast ;  
But the brown grasshoppers were the wags  
Who joked and teased these prouder kin,  
Ogling their fine clothes, until the lags  
Were ready to die of a chagrin ;  
Blue and green dragons—flies that look  
Like Saint John's and Saint George's too—  
Had steely needles which they shook  
At Friar Boots, as past they flew,  
A tilt of lances one might lose,  
'Twas all the same—the fairy knight

Found that his lady-love would choose  
His colors be they dark or bright  
And these depend on day and night  
And these were fairies black and white ;  
The glow-worm flaunted now a snack  
Of livery differing from the rest,  
Looking as fine upon her back  
As though the blackest of the best,—  
The love of color did appear  
In fairies quite anomalous  
Some brown and black and gray and sere,  
Some painted like an omnibus ;  
And towering on their gawky shanks  
The shepherd-spiders bore their humps,  
Up-hill and down-hill playing pranks  
Beside the worms upon their stumps ;  
Where all the spiders bridges grew  
With a prison at each end of these,  
A shower of little millers flew  
Like parachutes among the trees ;  
Then, Mab drew near in gold and black,  
A butterfly's ermine,—beyond a question  
A match for Puck who rode a pack  
He named “ blue-bottle's indigestion,”  
The last—but fairies are not dumb,  
My ears were throbbing like a drum.

The bands blew loud and shrill and clear  
Along this gay and weird procession,  
I thought the whole created sphere  
Delirious with the wild impression,



The trumpets blared until the moon  
Though goddess of the elfin race  
Turned suddenly pale as if 't were noon  
And pulled a wimple o'er her face;  
The trombones croaked until the sound  
Resembled Egypt full of frogs,  
The raucous croaking would astound  
A younger fry of polliwogs;  
The tamborines they buzzed and hummed  
And kept up such a dreadful racket  
All sounds were for some seconds dumb'd,  
The great dish-sky I thought 't would crack it;  
The violins, treble, second, bass,  
Together squeaked and squealed and squalled,  
Things seemed to spin round—in a daze  
I saw the tree upon me sprawled;—  
While now and then a piccolo  
Screamed out its notes so shrill and clear  
The chitty elves thought 't was a blow  
By some big Ouphe upon the ear;  
Mine own buzzed like a pair of drums,  
Whistles, fifes, fiddles, and jews-harps,  
I thought the two great concert rooms  
Would blaze with their electric sharps;  
When lo, it was about the hour  
Another king began his journey,  
Oberon skulked somewhere to a bower,  
The fays hid somewhere in a hurry,  
With swans of silver, car of gold  
Where clouds pink, primrose, pearl undouble,  
Along the sapphire sky he rolled

Where all had vanished like a bubble,  
 And Clover Hill lay at my feet  
 The bees and bombus gathering honey,  
 I saw all elves were not a cheat  
 That these may think a man as funny.

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LA FILLE DU REGIMENT.

PROUDLY marches on the nation  
 Which its patriots will defend,  
 But remains a loyal station  
 With its daughters to commend,  
 Cheerfully to send the heroes  
 Who are called to field and tent,  
 Cheers! for those who hold the vetoes,  
 Vive la Fille du Regiment.

How she springs to weave the banner  
 With her fingers deft and nice,  
 That with freedom does inspire her  
 And her soldier brave and wise,  
 Red and white and blue the union,  
 Justice, Courage, Love are meant,  
 Cheers! for every loyal woman  
 Vive la Fille du Regiment.

How she cheers the mustered heroes  
 As they march away from camp,  
 As she scorned, to think of dire foes  
 Who waylay them on the tramp,

While her vigilance perplexes  
Even the soldier, she has sent,  
Cheers! for her's the loyal sex is,  
Vive la Fille du Regiment.

How she makes the weary marches  
Where they rather die than yield,  
How with tear-wet eyes she searches  
For the dead upon the field  
When, she reads the news which smother  
Out the pride which victory sent,  
Cheers! for every loyal mother  
Vive la Fille du Regiment.

How the army's sanitarium  
Prosper in her loving hands,  
Homes, Sweet Homes, all recollect some  
Far away in hostile lands,  
Who are facing death and slaughter  
For the help which woman sent,  
Cheers! for sweetheart, wife, and daughter,  
Vivent les Filles du Regiment.

How she bears the poignant anguish  
In her tender breast, to go  
Where she knows the dear ones languish  
In the prison of the foe,  
Ask not "who" or "who" have found them  
After victory is sent,  
All where heroines around them,  
Vive la Fille du Regiment.

How her coming has translated  
Every soldier, when she staid  
With the hospital and waited  
On the sick and offered aid,  
Angels on their heavenly mission  
With no higher mission went,  
Cheers! she has the saint's position,  
Vive la Fille du Regiment.

How she kissed their rigid features,  
Kissed the cold and stony hands,  
How her sacrifice, will teach us  
What a country's life demands,  
When they bore them and they laid them  
Where a woman can lament,  
'T was a woman's love who saved them,  
Vive la Fille du Regiment.

How she hung the pall upon her,  
Looking sadder far than he  
Whom she had brought home to slumber  
Under Earth's green canopy ;  
It is woman, tender woman  
Widowed, orphaned, should lament,  
War is to her the most inhuman,—  
Vive la Fille du Regiment.

When, Divine Justice hangs her garlands  
On the heroes of all lands  
As Heaven musters up the thousands  
Of Earth's patriotic bands,

Heavenly stars entwined, like laurels  
 For heroic suffering meant,  
 Will crown women with immortelles  
 Vivent les Filles du Regiment.

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 DUST.

“It is asserted by scientific writers that the Earth is a vast cemetery; that on its surface, which contains 1,853,174,000,000 square rods, have lived 36,627,843,273,975,256 inhabitants; making 1,283 persons to each square rod, or five persons to a square foot. A square rod is scarcely sufficient for ten graves, but each grave must contain 128 bodies.

“Thus it will be seen, that the entire surface of the globe has been dug over 128 times to bury the dead. How literally true becomes the declaration of the poet:

“ ‘There ’s not a dust that floats on air  
 But once was living man.’ ”

## I.

How mighty is the spheréd dust  
 Which is trodden under foot,  
 Made out of kingdoms, that the lust  
 Of time destroyed their root ;  
 Made out of principalities  
 Which took their stone and brass  
 And girded cities monstrous size,  
 Which stood like withes of grass ;  
 Made out of monuments it seemed  
 Would break the tooth of Time,  
 When Karnak o’er Serapis dreamed  
 And the Sphinx was in her prime,  
 When men believed that strength and size  
 Were the portraitures of God —

And the Collossi leered their eyes  
On the pigmies of the sod.  
Are men ignoble, that life warms  
Their forms of common clay?  
Behold earth gathering their forms  
Unto her breast to-day!  
Listen, to the mighty host whose tread  
Is pressing green earth over,  
Alas, 't is builded of the dead,  
Dust over dust they cover.  
When Earth retook the lovely vale  
The site of Paradise,—  
And men had made the green earth pale  
Where hanging-gardens rise,  
Rearing Belus' confusing piles  
For priests and oracles,  
Were millions turned into the soils  
Which built these miracles.  
Where e'er on this broad earth we stand,  
On mountain, hill, or plain,  
In green-wood wild, on desert sand,  
By river, rill, or main,  
In presence of the eternal snows  
Or her perennial flowers,  
The dust of tribes and races goes  
To make this earth of ours.  
They are mightiest graves which Ruin fills,  
And mightiest tomb-stones story  
The mightiest deeds, the warrior tills  
To gem his wreath of glory,  
Yet, turned to dust, these look as yeared

As Old Creation's hills,  
 See Nimroud's cuneiform marbles spered  
 Which Ashur's house rebuilds ;  
 For, when the touch of Ruin wrapp'd  
 These in a royal gloom,  
 Palace on top of palace clapp'd  
 A dungeon round their tomb,  
 Dust upon dust the mountain grew,  
 City on city buried long,  
 That twenty centuries never knew  
 It was Nineveh the strong.

## II.

Count the nations which have flourished  
 On the Asiatic main,  
 Count them by the Hindoo Veda,  
 Of whose age no dates remain,  
 Century on top of century  
 Piled these pyramids of dust,  
 Till the Earth—not Himalaya—  
 Is the tomb, where they must rust ;  
 Count them by the heathen temples  
 Sculptured in the solid rock  
 The Titanic past has builded,  
 We are building block by block,—  
 Salsette, Poonah, Elephanta  
 Have no dates to tell their age,  
 And the earth must keep the record  
 Of their mortuary page.  
 It has buried living cities  
 With its cities under ground,

In one night were lost the traces  
Where these places once were found,  
When earth swept them with a besom  
That was fiercer than the sword,  
When it vomited its fire  
And their swift destruction poured,  
When the earth has yawned, and tumbled  
Twenty cities in its jaws,  
Hurled the mountains from their bases,  
Burst them by volcanic laws,  
When the mountains sent their torrents  
Like great rivers thundering down  
And the villagers had fainted  
Like a blast upon them blown,  
Blistering winds whose touch is poison,  
Famine with its lanken jaws,  
Pestilence which breeds by millions—  
These at millions never pause,  
Who are moldering on the hillsides,  
Who are crumbling on the plains,  
And we walk upon their ashes  
Without thinking of their pains,  
O, the traces of the races  
Who have lorded over earth!  
Have become as smooth as places  
Which have never known a hearth.

## III.

God breathed on a handful of dust. That breath  
Brought life to the common ground,  
A single soul had earth that day,



By its heaven and conscience bound ;  
 A single form, which in common clay  
 Has planted a single grave,  
 A mighty usury, earth has asked  
 For the little dust it gave.



## WAR.

THE jaws of war are wet with blood,  
 Yes, wet with human blood ;  
 His whelps pronounce it " very good,"  
 Lapping their tongues for food ;  
 But did the God of Wisdom fail  
 In making man a king ?  
 That he, like every beast should quail,  
 Hating this human thing ?

Man only of man be afraid ?  
 Man by a man to die ?  
 Then bolt the Book of God, that said  
 " Man is like Divinity ;"  
 Or lift Christ's bloody hands, and show  
 The bleeding wounds he bore  
 Upon a brother's cross, and know  
 The blood of Hate no more.

## SCOTCH HEATHER.

By the wild North Sea, by the wild North Sea  
Once grew my Scottish Heather,  
Where the hills of Aberdeen rise free  
And the firths flow close together,  
Where Jedediah Clishbotham taught  
And kept the parish records,  
And Effie Dean's sad fate was fraught,  
The Lily of St. Leonards.

The heather flower, the heather flower  
Is one of Scotland's glories,  
To the Meg Merrilies, the moor  
Was like a bed of roses,  
Or if, her wild feet brushed the dew  
Making the sun look late,  
'Twas o'er the heathery crag she flew,  
Scenting Dirk Hatteraick's bait.

The heather-bell, the heather-bell  
Warred with the bold and valliant,  
A flowery rampart, hid the fell  
Where fared the royal gallant,  
When suddenly, the heather bore  
But Highland-bonnets blue,  
"Saxon Fitz-James, usurp thy hour  
For I am Rhoderick Dhu!"

The heather-bell, the heather bell  
Thy muse is Caledonian,—  
Thy minstrel loves her lyric shell  
Twined with thee, like a woman,  
Though, verse that paints so fair a face  
From the features of creation,  
Must e'er remain a modest trace  
And trait of imitation.

But Scotia gave another flower  
To twine with rose and shamrock,  
A thistle-crown the monarch wore  
Where those wild seas are land-lock ;  
Too, like the noble clans who fared  
Upon her thousand hills,  
Thou wert—the emblem to be spared  
And feared, of, patriot Wills.

I could *na* tell how sweet thy bells  
That swing on braes of Doon,  
*Na* feel love's heat the poet tells  
Let Burns to Mary roun,—  
For all was love, that Scotia's bard  
Has ever sung or spurtled,  
On Tam O'Shanter's mare he starred  
With Maggie cutty kirtled.

O heathery hills, O heathery hills  
Of Scotia's purple isle,  
Thy jewels, every lake that fills  
The landscape, with its smile,

Thou art in Splendor, like the dream  
 That pictures Paradise,  
 Perpetual beauty, grand, supreme  
 In Faith that woos the skies.

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THE TREE OF LIFE.

TO THOMAS ALVA EDISON.

THE world was chaos, where the Darkness throve,  
 Ruling the grand confusion like a god ;  
 The lightning was his scepter, which then strove  
 With every part of the rebellious flood ;  
 The thunder was his utterance, to make  
 The mass from center to circumference shake.

And Chaos had bounds, even as God has bounds,  
 Filling the whole of the eternal space ;  
 And Darkness sent his sentinels the rounds,  
 Attraction, Force, Cohesion, which embrace  
 Like iron, driven through the surging flood,  
 Until the World was stronger than this god.

And darkness fled, and two great lights appear,  
 The one to rule the night, and one the day ;  
 And darkness dropped into the sea of fear,  
 For even the night had grown a starry way ;  
 And light was every-where, the light of sense,  
 And Light that spake, and is the God from hence.

And Light stretched forth his hand o'er firmament  
And the dry land grew green with trees and plants,  
Prismatic with unctious flowers ointing with scent  
The atmosphere. A spontaneous life which wants  
To flee the poisonous mists, which darkness spreads,  
Inhales the light and its reflection sheds.

And light was beautiful, as it displayed  
All things which dressed the earth and walked upon it ;  
But Light was still more beautifully arrayed  
Than any thing, which from His hand adorned it ;  
And Light made man to be His holy image,  
Asking His mind's subordinate for homage.

The Tree of Life still grows mysteriously nigh  
The Tree of Knowledge as they grew in Eden,  
Man can produce and he can multiply,  
But if he could create, would this be forgiven ?  
The life, the germ of all created things  
Indicates a mind from which all mystery springs.

If all miracle is done by Jehovah's sanction,  
(The visions of Bethel and of Patmos Isle,)  
God's crystal ladders touch the heavenly mansion  
Which, glorified spirits passing up the while  
Carry their crowns of sacred leaves, to show  
His gifted ones have honored their gifts below.

Beneath this tree the bard of Khio walked  
Trimming his lyre with its spiritual leaves,  
While 'round the strings his spirit fluttered, talked,  
Sung and caressed and the tree's mystery reaves,

Filling his isle with music, that was meet  
To bring all Greece to listen, at his feet.

And from this tree, they took the garlands fair  
And decked the Roman streets and Capitol  
When thousands shouted, "Bring the conqueror where  
Poets are crowned Immortal, when their crowns are  
full."

But Tasso, stretched upon his dying bed,  
Visioned the tree in Paradise, instead.

This was a Gibbon's wreath, who climbed his way  
Up seven hills, to view the Roman world,  
And from their dome, beheld her columns sway  
Till Pagan, Christian were to ruin hurled,  
And all their dust rose up as black as night  
And fell in seas of blood, before the Light.

These leaves, which grew from Spain to Eastern Ind  
And Western India, the discoverers knew,  
De Gama and Columbus sought to find  
Where'er the Tree of Life, for healing, grew,  
From Imperial Calicut to Mexico  
The inspiring fragrance over seas did blow.

When, Genius tired of writing occult adornments  
And hieroglyphies in the burning East,  
Worcester and Watt took up her costly ornaments  
To deck their motor which hard toil released,  
And all the nations are with iron crowned  
These God-like minds lifted like thread, and bound.

If the new Apocalypse is Bunyan's vision  
 Newton and Priestly preach as divine a Word,—  
 "The light is rainbow, and the air's phlogiston  
 Is living breath, vital as breath of God,  
 Earth is a prism for the Solar Star,  
 Her flowers the changing sunbeams of his car."

Struggling with laws of decay and development  
 Man fills his heaven with what he can create;  
 The "Nature of the God" seems not content  
 With any beginning and end,—like nature's fate,—  
 His labor and rest with time are striving still,  
 And man the factor of His creative will.

Thus man regains at last the higher life;  
 Setting his face toward Paradise, once more;  
 When Franklin sent his key where clouds were rife  
 With lightnings, to his creative mind it bore  
 A heavenly message of man's will o'er force;  
 Then laid the bridle in the hands of Morse.

And thou hast reached the mystery of voice—  
 Which comes from God, and unto God returns,  
 Which leaves, a man as cold and free of noise  
 As the dead rock, which mortal dust inurns,  
 Can sway and poise it like a tangible thing  
 Making it dance along upon a string.

Thou touchest, with fear, the terrene ear of man  
 To listen if his God, afar, can hear;  
 Wishing his heart were better, than the plan  
 He's daily following, lest his Lord appear;

Strengthening his faith, thou explorest the sensitive way—  
Songs of redemption to the dying stray.

Thy brow is glorious, which the Tree of Life  
Has crowned, which seeing, thou hast plucked and  
eaten;

Thy venture was toward God, who said—in grief—  
“To eat thereof is to live forever” in Eden;  
This was but typical, shadowing from the sight  
The Eternal Glory in the Eternal Light.

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### THE RIVER OF TEARS.

THE world is swept by a sorrowful flood  
The flood of the river of tears,  
Poured from the exhaustless human heart  
For thousands and thousands of years,  
It is sweeping thousands and thousands of lives  
On its currents, swift and strong,  
O the river of tears, for thousands of years  
Has swept like a flood along.

O the river of tears, O the river of tears  
Is full of floating wrecks,  
Some stranded on the shores of youth,  
Some, manhood tread their decks  
Proud and ready to grapple with fate  
Whether sun or storm is strong,  
O the pale wreck seen on the river of tears  
Shows the fight was fierce and long.



The river of tears, the river of tears  
Is lashed by fearful storms,  
The isles of ocean would rend and sink  
If tried by the heart's hard qualms;  
Blasting brilliant results like fire,  
Hurling down schemes like straw,  
O the maelstrom of the river of tears  
Drowns the bravest, death e'er saw.

One haven has the river of tears  
With a Pharos always light,  
All tears are wept ere we touch that shore  
No more to mar our sight,  
A Father that's God or Lord or Christ  
Will clasp us by the hand,  
And the flood of tears roll back in fear  
At the sight of the Happy Land.

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## CINCINNATI, THE QUEEN CITY.

CINCINNATI's crown descends  
From her Aboriginal kings,  
And her Roman pride contends  
For the splendor her name brings.  
In a lodge of silvan birches  
Dwelt a daughter of the wood,  
Her baptism paid the purchase  
Where Losantiville then stood.

Petticoated in a fawn skin  
 Fringed with blue and scarlet feathers,  
 Stitched together with the quill pin  
 Which the spiney hedgehog gathers,  
 And the crane bills strung like needles  
 Dangling at her belt, to show them,  
 For the crane bewitched the evils  
 And was the Miami's totem.<sup>1</sup>

Braided thongs her bare feet covered  
 Of the badger's spotted coat,  
 Naught above her shoulders hovered,  
 Save a necklace at her throat  
 Formed of humming birds which glisten  
 Blue, and emerald, and gold,  
 And the sunbeams seem to misten  
 Touched, her raven hair unpolled.

To Fort Washington they brought her,  
 She became a soldier's bride,  
 Cincinnati is their daughter,  
 Born to rule a queen beside ;  
 And a great and flowery kingdom  
 Trending westward with the sun,  
 Soon to yield a royal income  
 With her was the dower he won.

And the red man could not save her  
 When the white man laid the snare ;  
 For the wiser ways are braver  
 And the ways of God are there ;

In the pauses of creation  
God still asks for "wider room,"  
And the hand of civilization  
Makes the desert places bloom.

Lo! the wondrous change, enchanted  
Forests bow before the ax,  
And the fields are plowed and planted  
As the springtime comes and tacks,  
Till the summer's sunshine's drifting  
Down upon the Indian corn,  
As the fruitful year is shifting  
Bringing round the harvest horn.

When the river like a driv'ler  
Only lay awake to dream,  
And the bark canoe did quiver  
Like a lily on the stream,  
The unlettered Indian never  
Its mysterious forces found,  
Never could with reason seyer  
Elements by laws profound.

But the virgin queen was smitten  
With an intellectual king,  
When she saw his name was written  
On th' Ohio's wedding ring,  
Though the pride and pleasure given  
For the present of the groom,  
Sank as though the wrath of Heaven  
Buried Fitch beneath its gloom.

Lo! his altar fire is burning  
 In his temple on the river;  
 Though no Stygian boatman's perning  
 Now, the obolus of silver  
 Wafting souls to their Elysia,  
 The prefigurement of bliss,—  
 The Ohio's Artemesia  
 Made his mausoleum, this.

Lo! the ponderous steamer threading  
 Like a swan the liquid floor,  
 And the vales and hillsides spreading  
 Corn and wine and oil, and more,  
 Men are opening the treasure  
 Kronos buried in the hill,  
 And are trembling with the pleasure  
 Which did olden Titans thrill.

Queen of Industry! here planted  
 And enthroned upon the hills,  
 Cincinnati's wealth is chanted  
 By ten thousand voicing rills  
 When the clappers with their clamors  
 Fill with music every steeple,  
 And the music of their hammers  
 Praise the Lord and bless the people.

Queen of Art! divinely planted  
 With thy sweet melodic shell,  
 Every air to be enchanted  
 By a siren's witching spell;

Patroness of Arts! we name thee  
 More than all the "Masterpiece,"  
 Flourishing shall grow the bay tree,  
 Consecrated here, to these.

Since Ohio's noble mountains  
 Were explored for their wealth,  
 And her river, from its fountains  
 Has been traveled for its health,  
 And the years have left the harvest  
 Heaped like gold upon its shores,  
 Men have kept thine honor fairest  
 Which the page of history stores.

*April 15, 1883.*

<sup>1</sup> In searching for the totem of the Miamis, we found in Schoolcraft's Myths that "Twah Twah," the cry of the crane, was the Indian etymology of the word Miami. Mr. Newton, librarian at College Building, tells us that for an archery club who desired to take the name "Miami," and to use the totem as their insignia, he was unable, in his researches, to find the totem. Therefore we have assumed the crane as a poetic license until this or the correct totem is found.

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## THE MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN in the cars while crossing the Alleghenies, January 11, 1884.

THESE mountains are a magnet, which appear  
 Attracting the sphere beneath them to the skies,  
 Mountains which cause Infinity to draw near,  
 Where stars draw closer with their glittering eyes;

Only the Eagle scales this dizzy height,  
 Embracing with the Sun, while both alight  
 Viewing the two Hemispheres of our World,  
 The Nadir's half, from which the light just rolled  
 Now sowing its ebon vault with relays of stars,  
 Like some vast Ethiop temple, toward which draws  
 The sable worshipers with flammeous torches,—  
 And the proud Eagle taking these mountain gorges  
 For the Earth's periphery, darts for a race  
 Making yon loftier peak their goal in space,  
 Too high to fear the cyclone's hundred hands  
 Pound bootlessly the base whereon this stands ;  
 But Praise is winged for grander heights than moun-  
 tains,  
 Singing "Glory to God " beyond the Sun's fire-fountains.

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 NIAGARA.

WRITTEN on first seeing Niagara Falls, October, 1876.

GOD sealed thee His, Niagara !  
 Omnipotence, His sign ;  
 Clothed thee with His Potential Awe  
 Unutterable, divine,  
 And gave His Strength unto thy brow,  
 His Beauty to thy bow,  
 His Mystery to the ages thou  
 Hast rolled along, till now.

Thou wast ordained impervious  
To Nature's softer sounds,  
The voice, the song exalting us  
Thy diapason drowns,  
The electric tempest in the sky,  
The bolts of death it deals,  
Its thunder-volleys as they fly  
Thy heavier bass o'erpeals.

Thou art High Priest of Nature here,  
Her solemn rites attend,  
And ephod-stones, thy shoulders rear,  
Thy incenses ascend  
Vailing with mystery thy throne,  
Thy voice is raised to bless  
Her worshipers, who hear thy tone  
In deep devotiousness.

'T was the Eternal's hand reared thee  
This mighty altar-place,  
Of His most ancient masonry  
Whereon Kronos we trace,  
Thy Isles are water-walled and strong,  
In the Almighty's plan  
To keep thee priest of Nature long,  
He made the form of man  
To be a shadow on thy brink,  
A bubble on thy wave,  
A vision which a wink can sink  
Into an awful grave.

And thou, like the Invisible,  
 Can'st span above thy head  
 A glorious bow divisible  
 Of the Sun's Iridian thread,  
 Lifting the clouds to the heaven which  
 Consecrated thee at birth,  
 When the firmament found its fountains rich  
 And poured them on the earth.

“Glory, glory, glory, glory,”  
 Seraphic in sun and storm,—  
 Thou art unlike the restless sea  
 Which loves its hours of calm,  
 But everlasting anthems raise  
 Like Old Creation's Saint,  
 Inspirer of man's feeble praise  
 Till our Star rechaosed faint.

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### VINEGAR HILL.

VINEGAR HILL, in Ireland, was the principal camp of the rebels during the rebellion of 1798. The prime mover and chief of the rebels in the county of Wexford was Father John, a priest who insulted religion by his cruelties and liberty by his crimes. Twenty priests celebrated mass at one time on different parts of Vinegar Hill, while the plundered cellars of the country around furnished the spirits for the occasion.

HAVE you heard of the place they call Vinegar Hill  
 In the country of Ireland the county of Wexford?  
 You will both find it down on the map and you will  
 Find it down in the book that's indited for record;



Like all the ferments of the Irish, you will  
Charge them all to the spirits, on Vinegar Hill.

*The Irish can swaten their tay with the tongue  
After kissing at Killarney the swate Blarney Stone,  
And faix, do'n't you know every man is half hung  
By the heels, like Saint Peter, till the kissing is done?  
For this pious shaking like a bottle, they still  
Quaffed the more to the Saint, upon Vinegar Hill.*

You can learn in few words that this Vinegar Hill  
Is famous for gaul, as the Gaul that bounds Biscáy,  
Where the brave Father John camped his militants,  
till,

He had gathered a crop of th' good Irish whiskáy,  
Till the Protestants' barrels were piked and the rill  
Had fermented the army on Vinegar Hill.

With pistol in holster and sword at his side  
And a cross of three feet to embrace in the saddle,  
The doughty priest John did as valiantly ride  
As a Protestant trooper the devil could addle,  
*Be shure!* All the saints he had mustered until  
They came swarming to meet him on Vinegar Hill.

Instead of the Host, evil-spirits by the barrel  
Down the Gadarene troop how they slipped, in the  
storm,  
They toasted men over the fire, in this quarrel,  
And the pike made the Protestants' cross of reform,  
"For Jasus and Liberty" Father John still  
Was imbibing the spirits on Vinegar Hill.

If Liberty wept upon Vinegar Hill

For the smoke of the mass were her eyes never dry;  
A covering of rags may be honorable, till

They are thought the immaculate dress of the sky;  
But the Friar with sword and with gun ever will  
Be the Saint she abhors upon Vinegar Hill.

Justice even, sweat blood, as 't were her Incarnation,

Her side it was gashed as the side of God's son,  
But she balanced the cross in her greatest prostration

And swerved not with pain, till her justice was known,  
And the friars and the saints got as much in God's Bill  
As she made out against them at Vinegar Hill.

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## THE DOOM OF FIRE.

" HOLY be the lay

Which mourning soothes the mourner on his way."

THIS poem was composed after the falling of the Ashtabula bridge, December, 1876, in which terrible accident, owing to the criminal carelessness of officials, three coaches, with all their passengers were burned, the loss of life being so complete that scarcely a vestige of clothing remained unconsumed. In this holocaust a cousin of the writer perished, a pocket pin-cushion being the only shred recovered and identified by his mother, of Des Moines, Iowa.

LO, THE vials of wrath are poured out on the land,  
And the day of our doom seems already at hand,  
We are shaken by terror, and broken by grief  
And the earth seems to spurn every look of relief,  
The tomb is refused, and the shaft is unrequited,  
Death-hardened, the vengeance of God is unfeared.

O our eyes have grown dryer than sand e'er the noon,  
 Or the lake-wiped away by the fiery simoon ;  
 We are uttering the wail of Egyptian despair !  
 We are wailing the cry of poor Rama's wild share !  
 And our hearts 'fore the furnace of Moloch have sunk,  
 While the flames with the blood of our children, are  
 drunk.

Are we stiffer in neck ? are we harder in heart ?  
 Are we charmed with our sins and our lusts ? till apart  
 With the followers of Dagon and Baal, we class  
 'Mong our Gods only iron, gold, silver, and brass ?  
 Have we shrunk to the size of the Heathenish King,  
 Must we walk through the fire, or worship—the thing ?

There's a God !—though the ears of mankind have  
 grown deaf

To the groans of the dying, the sighings of grief,  
 There's the mansion of God for the graveless above,  
 And the bosom of God for the angels we love,  
 There's the tender compassion of Jesus their friend,  
 And the kind ministrations which never can end.

Ye'll not turn to the coffin and bier with your grief,  
 Ye will turn to the Father and seek for relief ;  
 O no, the cold earth has not given them rest,  
 But the flowers will again speak to ye from her breast  
 Of the beauty of heaven, the glory of hope,  
 Though the types will grow paler, wherever ye grope.

Ye will live in the spirit with seraphs and God ;  
 Ye will walk where the feet of the carnal ne'er trod ;

Ye will look far away from this clod and a stone ;  
 Ye will learn how the visions of just men were known ;  
 Ye will watch for the coming of judgment, nor fear ;  
 Ye will go out prepared when the summons is here.

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THE NEW ENGLAND DAISY.

[This flower is not found in the Western States.]

WHERE New England's vigorous clime  
 Fosters noble, classic rhyme,  
 Like a star that dropped from glory,  
 Stood the legend of Burns before me.

Where the clannish spirit stalks,  
 In old Scotia filled with lochs,  
 When the poet chanced to gaze  
 In the furrow, on its rays,  
 Seemed the plow his hand did gauge  
 To accept the minstrel's wage,  
 Like a harp his touch could thrill  
 With the afflatus of his will,  
 And the inspiration came  
 Like an ecstasy of flame.

And the plow seemed burning clear  
 Without either scar or sere,  
 As the bush on Horeb burned  
 When to flame the foliage turned,  
 And the daisy at his feet  
 Was translated to a seat

'Mong the Muses,—where it raises  
 For the poets, New England daisies.  
 FALL RIVER, MASS., *August 7, 1883.*

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 THE PLANETS.

INSCRIBED to Professor Hall, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

Professor Hall, the discoverer of the moons of Mars, has christened his twin pets with the Homeric names of "Deimus" and "Phœbus." This fortunate American astronomer was lately voted a French medal, as the hero of the greatest achievement in astronomical research for the year 1877.

Two "singing stars" fondly appear  
 Together in the evening sky,  
 Saturn sings tenderly and clear  
 And Mars sings strong the harmony.

The very oldest songs they sing  
 Of young creation and of war;  
 The epochs only, time can bring,  
 Who first the mighty singers saw.

"The Past," with recollection phased  
 What the first noble voice can sing,—  
 When Earth stood blushing and amazed  
 And numbered with his young offspring.

"Of Rhea" he begins to sing,  
 When stern Succession wedded them;—  
 "When Jupiter new-born did bring  
 To Saturn his lost diadem."

And while he sings, a lovely throng  
Who now recall their father's voice,  
Draw near, to hear the starry song  
And in his virile age rejoice.

Vesta who trembled in her youth  
To hear his winged feet draw near,  
Has quite forgotten her mother's ruth  
Who hid the infant Jove from fear.

Ceres grows radiant, when she hears  
The golden-age again rehearsed,  
The fire which warms the immortal years  
Within her golden seeds are nursed.

Neptune the grave, the silver-hair,  
Whose trident parts the threat'ning cloud  
Among the clouds is seen to fare  
Where storms beat wild and winds roar loud.

And Juno her enchantment lends—  
Wrapped in the starry mist of night,  
And to her father's bosom sends  
The arrows, of her eyes delight.

All are with song enraptured—but  
Another's thrilling strain, descends!  
Like cymbals, clash the numbers shut,  
For hark! the martial theme impends.

“O'er Priam's strong mysterious wall  
Encircling his loved city round,

Mars' ruddy torch was hailed of all  
The Greeks in arms, upon the ground.

But ill-content to see the sway  
Of battle with the Grecian band,  
He rallies Hector in the fray—  
And sinks by Diomedé's hand.

Thus year by year he lit the tide  
Of conflict on the Trojan plain,  
Till death to Hector did betide  
And Troy wailed o'er insulted slain.

When Persia leagued with death—her plan  
Arrayed her soldiery ten to one,  
Mars was with every Grecian man  
Upon the field of Marathon.

E'en Christianity has named  
Him as defender of the faith ;  
And the Mohammedan that's claimed  
By him, gains Paradise with death.

All nations ask his starry flag  
As ally round this spheréd world ;  
Above embattled Malta's crag  
To death and glory 't was unfurled.

Those lands in winter armor bound  
Which scarcely feel the tread of war,  
And those where flowers spring from the ground  
Enriched by blood his followers draw."

But as I list, the martial star  
 Sings faint and fainter in the arch,  
 May be the olden spirit of war  
 Is failing in the lovely torch,—

But hark! it strikes another theme,  
 Trichoral music fills the air,  
 Orbs rise from heaven's celestial dream  
 Flashing like cimeters were there.

And song on song breaks into spray  
 Till sung by all the crystal spheres,  
 For Hall was born upon this day  
 To immortality of years.

PEORIA, ILLS., *September 3, 1877.*

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## WHISTLING VERSUS KISSING.

### THE TWENTY-SEVENTH LETTER.

A NOTE from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on "the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet" is published by the Indianapolis *News*. The correspondent who sends it to the *News* says: "I begged it for the *News*." It is evident that Dr. Holmes was impressed with the character of the fair inquirer's letter, and answered it, believing Lavinia (which is the second name of Miss ——, a worthy member of the Society of Friends) to be a lady, but his P. S. seems to indicate that he half believed himself sold as to the sex. I will first give you a note of explanation sent us by Lavinia:

"The inclosed letter of Dr. Holmes was called forth by the following circumstance: 'Cousin Edward' and I were reading with much interest the story of 'Elsie Venner,' as it came out in the *Atlantic Monthly*. One day he asked me: 'What does Dr. Holmes mean by the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet?' and when I answered he was not satisfied, and insisted I should write and ask the illustrious author



for an explanation. To my inquiry the poet kindly sent me this witty reply. My willingness to gratify thy expressed wish prevails, and I place it at thy disposal. With great respect,  
‘LAVINIA.’”

BOSTON, *March 4, 1861.*

“MY DEAR MISS LAVINIA: The twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet is pronounced by applying the lips of the person speaking it to the cheek of a friend and puckering and parting the same with a peculiar explosive sound. ‘Cousin Edward’ will show you how to speak this labial consonant, no doubt, and allow you to show your proficiency by practicing it with your lips against his cheek. For further information you had better consult your *gramma*. Very truly yours,  
O. W. HOLMES.

“P. S.—Are you any relation to ‘lovely young Lavinia’ who ‘once had friends,’ mentioned by Thomson in his ‘Seasons.’”

WHEN the first lord of creation  
 Was aware he owned a whistle,  
 ’T was a prime alleviation  
 When his nerves began to bristle,  
 Proving a boon companion, that  
 His island was not lonely,  
 Sparing him from discoursing chat  
 Which would have bored him, only,  
 For dialects were, there, uncouth  
 And rhetoric difficile,  
 And so he puckered up his mouth  
 And blew upon his whistle;  
 Brutes pranced across the everglade,  
 Fish set their fins to quivering  
 Charmed by that first sweet windy trade  
 Which set the bugle shivering.  
 We read that Satan’s speech began  
 In English or in Dutch,  
 But cursed as an ophidian  
 He had no use for such,

A trick of Old Theogony  
 Leveling man with brute,  
 Born with a like phrenology—  
 And springing from one root,—  
 But error often proves the fact,  
 This proves man has a Soul,  
 A Conscience, Dialect, and Tact,  
 Religion and Control.

But I am not for argument,  
 Offering this whiff of Reason  
 Where verse becomes its instrument  
 To ornament and season.

Ape tried his mouth-piece, though to grin,—  
 When Adam saw—this other  
 Was nearest like himself, as kin  
 In grinning, makes a brother ;  
 So this young whistler spent his time  
 Twixt music and Orthoepy,  
 The only thing without a rhyme  
 In all this land of Poesy.  
 For the On-o-mat-o-po-et-ic claims  
 Of all of Eden's creatures,  
 He had a way to find their names,  
 By voices and by features ;—  
 Which task accomplished, like a man  
 The woman-half at church,  
 Some entertaining work would plan  
 To give *Ennui* the lurch.

Musing of this, he dropped asleep,  
When such a fog of glory  
Over his jaded brain did creep  
White, violet and rosy,  
And such a head of misty gold  
And flesh of alabaster  
As coming freshly from the mold  
In palpitating plaster,  
Produced such joy, 't was like a wound—  
Where his lone heart was bumping,  
A fracture,—as, his ribs were sound  
They seemed to burst with thumping,  
Breaking the trance which bound his eyes  
And ideal volition,  
“Thou comest from from my side,” he cries,  
“I saw thee in my vision.”  
When Adam saw the pleased surprise  
Her radiant face was succoring,  
He felt his olden habit rise  
He felt his lips were puckering,—  
Eve was a woman, therefore wise,  
Knew she would fail at whis'ling,  
Gave to his habit, her sweet surmise  
Puckering up her mouth for kissing.

## GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE.

## THE SCHOLAR, THE POET, THE EDITOR.

THE writer is especially fond of Mr. Prentice's poems, which are strong, pure, and tender. And this was intensified by the writer's mother verifying a statement of his biographer, that Mr. Prentice taught a school in Smithfield, Rhode Island, which is her native place, and at her father's house he was a visitor, a brother attending his academy.

She remembers his fondness for poetry and some of the effusions to his early loves, which are not mentioned in his life sketch.

That Mr. Prentice will have lovers so long as books exist is undoubted.

The commencement of the poem refers to Prentice's oft repeated allusion to the "stars," which certainly are a type of the genius which steadily soared skyward.

The seventh stanza alludes to his lines on "An Infant's Grave," an emigrant's child buried in the forest of Arkansas, and which he met with and tenderly placed thereon a little flower to annually memorize his loving care. The poem is very touchingly told in the writer's own words:

"'Tis well, 'tis well; but oh, such fate,  
Seems very, very desolate."

AMONG thy loved stars, I saw  
The brightest star of all, —  
And earth awhile, the heaven, for  
Thy brilliant beams to fall,  
Thou had'st more wisdom in thy brain,  
More beauty in thy eye,  
More wit to lay thy mental train,  
Thy voice more melody,

Than hosts on hosts of other men ;  
Thy heart the richest vein  
Of friendship, always fuller for  
It flowed away like rain,  
The sweetest sympathy, that made  
The music for thy deeds,  
And gave thy poetry the shade  
Of pure religious creeds.

Crowned with the talents of thy mind  
The first of monarch's crowned,  
Thy proudest conquests, were the kind  
Which in its toil are found ;  
And bearing westward, with thy star,  
The Nation saw thy hand  
Flashing her signal-fires afar  
To her remotest land.

Wrapped in thy splendor, like a cloud  
Around thy person cast,  
We then beheld the eager crowd  
O'er which thy spirit passed,  
Th' earnestful, trustful, gladful throng  
Hungry for living bread,  
Who felt their hearts and minds grow strong  
Upon thy wisdom fed.

But like the master of the ship  
When mutiny appears,  
Thy thrilling orders sealed the lip  
On many a patriot's fears ;

And steadied many a faltering rank,  
And strengthened many a heart,  
And lived to see the fearful bank  
Of war-clouds all depart.

O'er thy magnetic glory beamed  
Thy soft, harmonious rays,  
As Iris tenderly is gleamed  
Across the sun's strong gaze,  
Bending as gently as she bends  
The poet's dream to hear,  
Who, by thy fairer wings ascends  
Into a purer sphere.

Or weeping as a mother weeps  
Above her infant's grave,  
Thy fount of tender feeling creeps  
Up to thy eyes, to save  
The little stranger lying low  
Far, far upon the wild,  
Planting a little flower to blow,  
As though it were thy child.

O, many a way gleams with thy "stars"  
Into the land of rest,  
Where thou hast gone to make thy cause  
With the brightest and the best;  
If thou hast been sublimed, thou know'st--  
Before the Eternal's seat,  
Thy "stars" of genius are a host,  
Heaven's lilies round thy feet.

## THE PHARAOHS.

METHINKS I hear the kings of Egypt laugh  
While at Osiris' table now they quaff,  
When—some full scholar wanders to the dead  
Boasting of all the modern books he's read—  
Telling "their stone primers, ages confused of Time,  
To learn a letter or to read a line."

## AT FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

I WEEP upon his precious earth  
But not one bitter tear ;  
Because he was of noblest worth  
I sought his barrow here ;  
He was a master-piece of God  
Made in divinest mold,  
And consecrated is the sod  
His mortal frame, can hold.

'Twas foreordained, that he was wise  
In wisdom more than gold,  
The thoughts which from his brain did rise  
Were oracles of old,  
He was the light of chaos, then,  
The pillar and the cloud,  
Freedom's apostle, helping men  
To tear away her shroud.

What sacred sympathies were bound  
Up with his giant mind ;  
Like dew of Herman dropping round  
He cherished all mankind,  
Casting into the common store  
His glorious gifts from Heaven,  
Enslaved Thought opened every door  
And sent to him for leaven.

What wond'rous visions came to be  
His pure Philosophy ;  
The mysteries of Earth, Sky, and Sea  
And their cosmology ;  
Upon his ladder to the skies  
Which brought the Lightning down,  
What noble names thereafter rise  
Upon his grand Renown.

Men serve their Destiny—and he  
Began our golden age ;—  
His deeds did print immortally  
Our own historic page ;  
Seizing the Pen, he led the van  
Beside a Washington,  
Giving the world the mightiest span  
Of Architectural Freedom, won.

For him she spreads her starry wings  
To chain the bolts of levin, .  
For him her bow-men set their strings  
Now, with the shafts of heaven,



For him the nation proudly strives  
For letters and for men  
To wipe toil's sweaty brow—by lives  
Devoted to the pen.

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## MY OWN DEAR HEART.

MY own dear heart, my own dear heart  
So light with love and joy,  
What sweetheart makes me e'er so glad  
Or gives such sweet annoy?  
Thy whispers are such tender, sweet  
Love-nothings, I'd not dare  
To utter them allowed, they'd break  
Like bubbles in the air.

If once my lips begin, I pause,  
As every thought were still  
Betraying the precious joy, I feel  
By some magic, of thy will:  
I laugh with thee, I weep with thee,  
In all thy humor share,  
No heart, except my own true heart  
Feels my love so little care.

My own dear heart, my own dear heart,  
Over thy thousand ills  
Tear after tear more bitterly flows  
Than over another's spills,

Nursing thee, dear heart, night and day  
And giving thee relief,  
I prove the truest, faithfulest friend  
Of all, who share thy grief.

My own dear heart, my own dear heart,  
Why should I prize thee less  
Than other hearts, I prize and serve  
In happiness or distress?  
Let me live true to thee, dear heart,  
Sparing thee from fault and stain,  
I shall receive heaven's sweet reward  
And thou heaven's bliss attain.

My own dear heart, my own dear heart  
With its own small heaven is stored,  
Love, from the holy of holies ta'en  
And scarred, like Heaven's Adored,—  
Charity with all her attributes,  
Friendship which binds like brothers,  
Esteem, which makes us love ourselves  
And desire the esteem of others.

## MOUNT VERNON.

FROM notes taken during a trip through the States, including visit to Exposition, we extract the following, written in Washington City on the eve of a day passed in visiting Mount Vernon.

We stopped for some minutes on the lawn before the mansion, and when we started to enter, felt like removing the shoes from our feet for it seemed to us a holy place.

The circumstance recalls our first view of the home of Abraham Lincoln, at Springfield, Ill.; when, with eyes streaming with tears and voice breaking with sobs, we dare not trust a reply to questions of friends, who were kindly riding with us by the residence of the lamented president.

MOUNT VERNON! in thy sacred shade  
I wandered to and fro,  
And over all the pleasant glade  
The past did come and go.

The knotted oaks in gray decay,  
The vines supporting these,  
The asters blue along the way  
Were full of memories.

The high commanding walk which led  
Directly to the door,  
The hill-side wild with nature, wed  
To all Potomac's lore.

The river rolling grandly on  
Down to the mighty sea,  
Its waves no grayer, that have gone  
Thus many a century ;

Yet every one that kissed the shore  
To history did belong,  
The Indian sang his pow-wow o'er,  
The Englishman his song.

I lingered here and there about  
Pained still to cross the door,  
Where th' disembodied had gone out  
Returning there, no more.

What was I! that I dare approach  
This shrine of love and trust?  
The very mightiest would encroach  
Seemingly, on the dust;

And yet I sat me down upon  
The chairs, as though I knew  
The occupant, with Washington  
To hold an interview;

I drew up to the table there  
As though I was a guest,  
And viewed the pictures, with an air  
Of free familiar zest.

The doors stood ope from room to room,  
The crowd swayed in and out,  
But it was struggling with the gloom  
To make the picture out.

For who were these? they were not Knox,  
Nor Green, nor Lafayette,

There was no woman, on whose locks  
The mistress' halo set ;

There was no loftier one than all,  
Whose strong commanding glance  
Reproved the virtues lax, or call  
Them from their painful trance ;

There was no sweet commanding voice,  
Could start the noble thrill  
Of pride in it, till the annoys  
Of vanity were still.

It fairly seemed as though the place  
Was held thus by a trance,  
That surely, those great ones would grace  
Again the lordly manse ;

I thought to hear the silver tone  
Of music through the house,  
The harpsichord, but wanted one  
Light touch, of the fair spouse ;

I thought to hear the servants' feet  
Both up and down the stair,  
As Randolph, Jefferson, were greet  
As guests, and honored there.

The past was all embodied here,  
As of to-day a part,  
And standing at the Chieftain's bier  
The grateful thought did start,

That pilgrim nations would come here,  
 Vernon still unforgot,—  
 Though reconquering nature reappear  
 O'er all this sacred spot.

*October 16, 1876.*

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### THE CHARLES RIVER BRIDGE, BOSTON.

EVENING on the Charles River Bridge, Boston, after a visit to Mount Auburn and the graves of Longfellow, Everett, Agassiz, Charlotte Cushman, and other noted American characters.

DAY stepped quietly into heaven,  
 Furled her feathery beams of light,  
 As the Darkness climbed the mountain  
 Listening to the owl of night.

From a silvery crown of moonlight,  
 Heavenly spirits there might bear  
 High above the graves of Auburn,  
 A mild radiance filled the air.

Under the milky-way of gaslights  
 Show the towns from rim to rim,  
 While the leaden arch of twilight  
 Spans the hill from brim to brim.

Spans the great tumultuous city  
 Like an eagle wild with life,  
 Wings unfurled with winds of commerce,  
 Every pinion plumed for strife.

Like an Apocalyptic vision  
Shone to illuminate the stones,  
In a twinkling blazed the spirit  
Of the great electric suns.

In this grand illumination,  
Like a spirit climbed the moon  
Down the side of Auburn, farther,  
The Charles River glowed like noon.

In that dawn of peace men pray for  
Looked the evening world—I thought  
The grim batteries in the harbor  
Vanished then, like spectres swart.

Steely bands along the horizon  
Trace the waters of the bay,  
Dipping downward into ocean  
Where its shores at sunrise lay.

Holy praises clearly musical  
Down the ambient air descend,  
While the sickle slowly faded,  
As, the tombs were going to rend—

Sweeter sing those heavenly voices  
Praising over the graves of men,  
And I saw the Seers and Poets  
Walking on the earth again.

*November 2, 1883.*

## THE MARCH OF TIME.

1884.

Scarce had the angels' voices hushed  
Their song of "Peace to man,"  
When all the galaxy of stars  
Another song began ;

Like Cherubim and Seraphim  
Around the Throne of Light,  
They struck their golden harps, and Heaven  
Flashed with their music bright ;

Far in the Eastern Hemisphere  
Came rolling on the strains,  
Sublime and sweet, as Thales heard  
On the Nilotic plains ;

Echo on echo touched the hills  
Which bursted into flame—  
As the Parsee hailed the rising sun ;  
And Time passed on the same ;

Olympus summoned forth the Greeks  
To try the State's pastimes ;  
And by "Olympiad" time was called  
In histories and in rhymes ;



Folding his eagle wings awhile  
Upon Italia's plains ;  
From mighty "Roma"—was the date.  
Which long with time remains ;

And thus passed down, the march of time ;  
As men by time were schooled ;  
When time made conquest of them all  
As each one rose and ruled.

Scarce had the angels' voices hushed  
Their songs of "Love to man,"  
When all the galaxy of stars  
Another song began ;

For time upon his annual flight,  
Pausing on Bethlehem's plain  
And listening to the angel's song,  
Joined with a new refrain ;

Tender and sweet and like a bell  
It struck upon the ear,  
The Wise men pause—to catch the note—  
Lifting the heart in prayer ;

And Mary clasped her Holy born  
Listening to the strain ;  
For Time then, struck his harp but—"Once!"  
And then passed on again.

Within the palace, Herod clad  
In royal robes, had met

The Maji who had read the stars,  
Whose anxious faces set

The king's heart very ill at ease,  
Casting the fate which traced  
An obscure King for Israel,  
By name "Messiah" graced ;

And time upon his annual round,  
Had heard the wailing cry  
Of Israel's maids and mothers,  
For "Israel's babes should die ;"

Alighting upon Judea's plain  
And striking his harp—"Twice,"  
It was the Christian—Century  
Which Time had made his prize.

If constant stars ring out a year  
And ring one in again,  
Above their silvery twinklings, clear  
Is heard Old Time's refrain ;

Striking his harp on England's coast,  
By the stiff Eastern breeze  
Its Sixteen Hundred notes were borne  
Over the Western seas ;

The Northern pine was ready strung  
With all its thousand strings ;

The Southern cypress heard its moss  
Like Jubal's harp—that sings ;

And like a Spirit, with the ship,  
The Mayflower reached the dock,  
And since, we've always counted time  
Dated from Plymouth Rock.

Scarce had the angels' voices hushed  
Their song of "Love to man,"  
When all the galaxy of stars  
Another song began ;

Like Cherubim and Seraphim  
Around the Throne of Light ;  
They struck their golden harps, and Heaven  
Flashed with their music bright ;

Again, Old Time folds up his wings  
When all the fields are white,  
A wreath of pine upon his brow,  
His sandals soft and light ;

Again, he strikes his golden harp  
Under the midnight stars ;  
Singing of Springtime, and the flowers  
Which at October pause ;

The roses die, the lilies fade,  
The leaves and fruits all go,

He's singing of these,—and the dead  
Under the snow below ;

He sings of all life's gladdening hopes  
The New Year has in store,  
While he is striking on his harp  
For Eighteen-Eighty-Four.

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.”

---

O YE HILLS.

O YE hills! O ye hills! when ye wake and rejoice  
Like a great congregation ye lift up one voice ;  
When the Spirit of Light flieth over at morn,  
And the stars at the rush of his wings are withdrawn ;  
Like the brightness that filled the Lord's house on the  
hill,

When the priests, for, the glow of Jehovah stood still,—  
When the glory is streaming your arches along,  
When your choirs of a thousand are full of their song,  
When the incense goes up from the river and rill  
Ye have both the old grandeur of temple and hill.

Ye are volumes of Time! upon every page  
Of creation, you open the stories of age ;

With the dove, that went forth at the lull of the flood,  
When above the bare waters, old Ararat stood ;—

We see one displaying the banner of cloud  
When the Law-giver opened his pleadings aloud,  
And his commands went forth with the pledge of the  
    Lord  
“That the deeds of mankind should be judged by his  
    word ;”

One is wrapped in a pall of great sorrow, so black,  
The sun in the folds, lost its heavenly track,  
The rocks moved about at the sob of the earth,—  
The graves opened wide for the dead to come forth ;

Then the touch of the feet of a Christ upon one  
The place was transfigured, with angels, thereon,  
And lifting the veil He had worn among men  
He revealed the Redeemer in heaven again.

Though ye pause on the way to the skies—ye are  
    nearer,—  
When altars were builded and heaven seemed clearer,  
When the vintage empurpled to empty its wine,  
When the olive was greened to a shading divine,  
When the corn bowèd down to the earth and adored,  
And they numbered the flocks, while Pans' harmony  
    poured.

Ye were clad in the green robe of Peace !  
    But O Hills !  
Ye have trenched on the Pride, and the Avarice that kills,

Ye have portioned the earth with your columnar walls,  
 And men looked on your face, were content—till the  
 calls

Of Ambition, unfurled them, its death dealing wings,  
 And the mountains were scaled, like the lowlier things,  
 And your ponderous gates were unlocked with the  
 sword :

But O God, the new earth has revealèd thy word,  
 For we go up like those who went singing a song,  
 Where the steam-driven chariot goes whirling along.

Ye are mightier than Cheops! ye are tombs of a race,—  
 Without groan, without pain, ye were reared into place,  
 And the red-men went free as the deer on the hill,  
 The proud men who were kinged with the bald-eagle's  
 quill,

Who told over the fall, summer, winter, and May,  
 From the planting of corn to the great hunting day  
 By the silvery lettering they read on the moon,  
 And the Great Spirit led them by sight as a boon,  
 And they hallowed the graves of their father's with love,  
 And rejoiced in the hunt and the bison above,  
 And with bow, and with arrow they went to the field  
 To themselves and their children, eternally sealed.

Ye are tombs of a race—but the type on your page  
 Is to dim, to discover the people or age!

Ye are tombs, ye are temples, ye are altars, ye are hills  
 Which the praise of Elohim—everlastingly fills,  
 And my heart breaketh up into song at your voice,  
 All that's in me hath joined your grand choir to rejoice.

## DANIEL BOONE.

## A REMINISCENCE.

IN the spring of 1855, after spending a night at the Capitol Hotel, Frankfort, Ky., we arose early the next morning to visit the cemetery before our departure by train. Climbing the foot-way which leads to the place, we found ourselves suspended some two hundred feet in the air upon the almost perpendicular face of the ascent, the path about eighteen inches wide, and rocks fringed with evergreens towering in magnificent height above our heads.

Resting at a point where a cool spring comes leaping down from its source and falls into a natural rock, we took in the scene with all the enthusiasm of a young traveler. The Kentucky river, with its bold, bastioned bluffs, was on our right; South Frankfort lay before us; the railroad at our feet; woods pressing close up to the track, and spreading away in unbrageous concourse, made up one of those romantic views we never forget.

Reaching the little wooden gate, we passed into the grounds and began our wanderings among the homes of the dead. We came at length upon a dimple in the land about twenty feet in diameter, where lay two graves, unmarked save by a number of cedar stumps, which had been lifted by the roots, trimmed a little and hauled to the place. On expressing our astonishment at the proximity of such rude monuments, our companion informed us that we were standing at the graves of Daniel Boone and his wife. We sat down on the sward overcome by the incident, and burying our faces in our hands, shed tears, and tried to recall what we had gathered in childhood from Flint's memoir of the wonderful hunter of Kentucky. We saw him now as he tridged the canebrake, and skulked through the forest to elude the wary Indian; we saw him as his eagle eye pierced the coverts which sheltered the game, or gleamed admiringly over some everglade of flowers, comprehending at a glance the hunter's paradise; and we wept at the dangers he had run and the foes he had encountered.

A hunter without a bow and a lover of nature, but most of all, of this nobleman of the wildwoods of our adopted state, we had chanced upon his resting place, were standing on the smallest spot of land he ever owned, were at the grave of Daniel Boone. Gathering a few splinters from the stumps as a memorial, we sorrowfully left the spot

and returned to the city, which has since erected a handsome monument, sculptured and chased with designs expressive of the pioneer's experience; reflecting that in our homes of peace and comfort we can never be too grateful or too faithful to the memory of the white braves of early times. Boone died in 1818.

NATURE'S green casket here embalms  
 The sturdy pioneer,  
 And has arrayed her floral charms  
 Thereon these sixty year,  
 And flushed and royal autumn's trace  
 In season has been here,  
 And knightly winter holds his place  
 Beside the sacred bier.

The winds that cross the Cumberland  
 Have found the Hunter's grave,  
 And marked his repose on the strand  
 Of the blue Kentucky's wave,  
 The rich insculptured pile of men  
 Who reverently here trod,  
 Bespeak the culture, that has been  
 Reared from the savage sod.

Methinks the hero only lies  
 Alert, to meet the foe,  
 The stealthiest Indian feels his eyes—  
 Ere his rifle's flash can show,  
 He feels the ambush must reveal  
 A hunter of Kentucky,  
 Whose pale-faced bravery won the seal  
 For the ground so dark and bloody.



The noble forest-born, he wore  
 Its freedom like a king,—  
 The trees umbrageous shades did pour  
 And flowers thickly spring,  
 And beauteous nimble-footed deer  
 Here roamed the hills and vales,  
 The newest, best primeval, here  
 His sure birthright entails.

Wild-bred with Nature, he was as  
 The pattern of our race,  
 Enjoyed her solitudes, but was  
 Full of all human grace,  
 Partook of woman's sweetest love,  
 And friendship's tenderest thrill,  
 All soft affections helped to move  
 His strong, untutored will.

'Twas no silken fraternal bond  
 That made men brothers then ;  
 'Twas sacrifice, Godlike, and fond,  
 As His who died for men ;  
 Where the stockaded fort arose—  
 For the emigrant's defense,  
 Was death shared like a boon by those  
 Who scorned all self-defense.

Together sweetly sing the names  
 Of Harold, Boone, and Kenton,  
 Around their valorous deeds there flames  
 The Muse's noble mention,

Like them—she loves the generous West  
 Who gives her here a portion,  
 But more, each bullet-proven breast  
 Who gave it their devotion.

She plucks her pinion just to trace  
 The Pioneer's bier,  
 And bows above his marble face  
 To dew it with a tear,  
 It falls upon the turf that's green  
 Above his restful bed,  
 And where the springing shaft is seen  
 Her poetic bay has spread.

The morning's azure gates were spread,  
 The rosy winds passed through,  
 A soft and golden splendor led  
 Up each solemn avenue,  
 It walked as 't were the spirit of God,  
 It found us there alone—  
 And, lo! we stood upon the sod,  
 At the grave of Daniel Boone.

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ENGLAND WILL CARE FOR EGYPT.

ENGLAND will care for Egypt, now she's old  
 And tottering helpless, under her crown of stone ;  
 When earth was fresh, with its primeval mold  
 Her Asian founders, worshipers of the Sun,

Commenced her greatness, pride, longevity, glory,—  
On her stone age immortalized their story.

England will care for Egypt, for her gods  
Were, ages past, too feeble to help her people ;  
And they have petrified beneath the floods  
Of sands which drowned them, and the great upheaval  
Of Nilus brings no devotee to prayer,—  
The mysteries of Osiris are laid bare.

England will care for Egypt as a kingdom,  
Not th' aristocratic beggar of a Porte ;—  
This mother of nations is the Eastern Bedlam  
Her laws a pest, her revolutions sport ;  
And here the Pharaohs swayed, the Ptolemies fell,  
The Mamelukes murdered—Arabi died as well.

England will care for Egypt and her tradition,  
Zoan's groaning stones, heard in their glyptic traces,  
While scholars are using the torch of erudition  
Peering into the rock imprisoning Ramases,  
The Hebrew host, the march, the route they fled  
Not alone in the Myth of Papyrus, are read.

England will care for Egypt till her stones  
Have sung and spoken and groaned out all they know ;  
Her hieroglyphics like her Ra-faced suns  
And her fructifying Osiris set aflow  
Thousands of living streams of sacred truth  
Her monuments have pent up in her youth.

Till men who felt her darkness, see her truth  
Now hewing it through, as the Egyptian fog  
Was broken and lifted—when the Hebrews' ruth  
Had driven them to their Exodus, and the bog  
Sibornian passed, the sea drank up their foes ;  
Egypt's stone volumes, tell us what she knows.  
*February, 1884.*

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## THE CHRISTMAS SNOW-STORM.

[With a Temperance Moral.]

THE shoulders of the clouds, at last  
Tired of their fleece of snow,  
Casting it to the winds to bear  
Away to earth below,  
Though wound around their grasping fists  
To carry safely down,  
The fringes caught upon the hills  
And chimneys of the town,  
Snapping it loudly as they flew,  
The forest bare they passed  
And left some hanging, like the sails  
Upon a navy's mast,  
Clutching the rest with fingers stiff  
They soar, they dip, they leap,  
The rocky ledge tears off some shreds  
Which they roll in a heap,  
Tossing the balls with airy feet  
Into the fields below  
Like children at their winter sport

Of tumbling in the snow ;  
Again, inflated like a puff  
And rolling round the sky  
'Twas caught up in the stubborn knots  
Only the winds can tie,  
'Twas like a pendulum all day  
Swinging from left to right,  
But now—it lay in cloggy drifts  
As dropped the winds with night,  
The bearings of the road were lost  
Over the stretch between  
The city and the farm-house, where  
My actors can be seen.

“John, bring a back-log from the pile  
Of the fall hickory  
You cut in the October days,  
The best stick of the tree !  
And, while you're out, just shut the cows  
Into the southern shed,  
And with the corn and salted hay  
The herd must be well fed !  
And from the mow throw down a bed  
For Filly, Sweet, and Roan,  
To beasts, on such a night as this  
Man's best side may be shown !  
In weather such as this, I wish  
My house and barns were great  
Enough, to shelter many more  
Till the dreadful cold abate ;  
I never eat our bread, but what

I think of some who would  
 Do more work, in the Master's cause,  
 And do His name more good ;  
 My bins are filled, until they look  
 As if their waists must ache,  
 I must put all my substance by,—  
 I can no field forsake,—  
 But such a spell as this—I wish  
 I could fulfill God's word—  
 Send for the poor in His by-ways  
 To come and share my board ;  
 My Bible tells me what to do,  
 It's friendly to the poor,  
 John ! put the back-log on, and set  
 The chimney in a roar  
 Letting the glow across the snow  
 Point some one to our door ;  
 The sheep were in the fold all day,  
 See they are all secure !  
 The flock in such a night as this  
 If sheltered, may endure,  
 The rooster and his wives will keep  
 Their perch, while this will stay,  
 And so escape the stiff'ning cold  
 Tucked in the loft away."

" Yes, Ezra, we have tried to live  
 By christian love contently,  
 The kind that's practiced with the lips  
 Do n't always touch one's plenty,  
 And when I heard the hum and whir

Of Maggie's wheel all day,  
I thought of all the smiles I'd get  
For what I'd give away.  
You know our neighbor Brimful's left  
His children in the cold,  
To see how much money, the till  
Of old Pint's shop can hold,—  
His Belle has got no gown to wear  
To church, and stays at home  
Because, he helped to buy the furs  
For Pint's Sue, who can come,—  
The boys, can wear their Kerseymere  
And boots which cost a ten,  
For Brimful will go there and drink  
His whisky with the men ;  
O, I remember what was said  
When his Robert went away,  
The coals heaped then, upon his heart,  
Would burn as deep to-day  
And daily burned the wound—it made  
In the boy's soul, to put  
The scanty earnings in Pint's till,  
Though his poor lips were mute ;—  
I sent John o'er at early morn  
With socks and milk and meal,  
The woman is too weak to work,  
Pint's shame she can't conceal,  
But with her fragile life she'll cling  
Unto her children more,  
She's but a broken-hearted thing  
With hope turned from the door.

“Maggie, your fingers were so deft  
Spinning the rolls to-day,  
Just stop drawing the thread awhile  
And put the wheel away,  
And take the half-peck apple tray  
And bring it heaping full,  
And soon we'll have some toasting hot  
Roasting before the yule.

“Ten years ago to-night, Ezra,  
If you'll think so far back—  
Our William put his worldly all  
Into a little pack,  
Talking in such a strain, the while,  
And I thought boyish-wise  
About the wond'rous steps and turns  
Which up to Fortune rise,  
About another kind of stock  
Which takes a premium,  
'Of gold and silver and per cent  
Until my lips grew dumb,  
So rich and gaudy—till I thought  
The fire-dogs stared at me  
Leering their eyes far back, to sneer  
Up at our plain roof-tree;  
I brought the Bible from the drawers  
And laid it on the stand,  
To prove the filial chain was strong  
He gave us each a hand,  
And then you read in Matthew, two,  
'The Bethlehem babe was born,'—



Our own came on a Christmas eve  
We named it 'Will,' next morn ;  
I thought of him so much to-day  
Since John brought home the pine,—  
He was our angel, sent us in  
The place of one divine,—  
I often wonder at the joy  
Which followed him—we've known  
Such stores of comfort, since that day,  
Ourselves, and in our own."

"Yes, mother, I have watched the snow  
Like frightened birds, all day  
Come dropping down the air in flocks  
Or blown by winds away,  
And when the fields were bleak with white  
A host of graves were seen,  
For every stump and shrub were like  
A stone where one had been ;  
So gloomy are my thoughts, for I  
Keep thinking of the boy,  
I fear his visit is postponed  
And so, with it, our joy,  
But, Maggie, give the fire a poke  
And turn the apples round,  
The room shall wear the welcome look,  
As our joy-hour was found !  
You tell the story o'er so true,  
I see it now before  
My eyes, as though that year did not  
Run backward half a score,

Go place the bible on the stand  
I'll read the chapter two,  
There's something dim before my eyes—  
Won't let the letters show;—  
The cold must have searched out my chest,—  
My voice is growing worse,—  
Do mother, take your specks and read—  
The rest from the sixth verse.—

“Hark! John go out to the front door  
I thought I heard a ring,  
A cutter might come out from town  
Now it has stopped snowing!  
The station's but three miles away  
And if the boy has come,  
He'll never mind the drifts, that lie  
Between there and his home!”

“By Jingo! Mr. Warren come  
And bring the light straight-way,  
I think they got the engine-bell  
And hitched it to the sleigh!  
That horse has on a head of steam—  
And if they do n't break up  
Before this house, the runners won't  
Follow long behind his croup!  
The snap that's in the man who can  
Turn this frost, would suffice  
The weather-clerk to put into  
His batch of winter's ice!  
Je-mi-ma! he's run on the switch

And brought up, at the gate,  
I'm out to tell the stranger, where,  
They best accommodate!  
Steady, and let the light's sliver  
Shine straight across the snow,  
Your hope is like a prophecy  
I think it has brought two!"

"William, my boy, I see that we  
Still the Lord's favor gain,  
The years pass on, and leave us old,  
They do not leave us pain  
Since you come home each Christmas Eve  
And make us young again."

"Well, father, bid the stranger in  
And have him share your fire,  
Together we left town at morn,  
Through snow the train did mire,—  
Beside, I'm his best, faithful friend,  
And he has heard enough  
Of farmer Warren's heavenly side  
To try his earthly stuff."

"Bless me; I think I look into  
Young Robert Brimful's face;  
The beard has grown upon his chin—  
But my dim sight can trace  
The speaking truth still in his eyes,  
Nobleness across his brow,  
While chestnut curls still cluster round  
His head in many a row,

This Christmas storm has favoring gales  
 For neighbor Brimful's sail,  
 The Lord has blessings in reserve,  
 I see, for those who fail."

---

CAPTAIN JOHN J. DESMOND,

A VICTIM OF THE RIOT, CINCINNATI, MARCH 29, 1884.

SUGGESTED by the pathetic wail of his distracted mother—"Oh that he had been a coward."

WHY that wail of despair which to heaven did fly?  
 The hero had conquered his march to the bier,  
 He had died like a soldier, as men love to die  
 When the call has been just and the duty severe,  
 As men answer the call when their country's assailed  
 By invaders abroad or by tyrants at home,  
 When the Laws are defied and Injustice entailed  
 And the growl can be heard, of the Avenger to come.

'Twas a woman who uttered that wail of despair,  
 A mother, who saw that a bullet had crashed  
 Through the brain of a son she had cultured with care,  
 While she held every foe to his honor abashed.  
 On her gray hairs has fallen the glow of his name,  
 With its honor maintained, he could strive for a crown,  
 On her brow too, has fallen the rays of his fame,  
 He was twining the wreath which would bring him re-  
 nown.

'Twas the wail of a mother, who knew that her boy  
 Had been torn from the breasts which had fed him with  
     milk,  
 Had been snatched from the lips which had kissed his  
     with joy,  
 From the hands which caressed his small fingers of  
     silk ;  
 She could wail for her babe without weakness or fear,  
 Not with precept of courage, with the precept of Love  
 She had conquered his heart,—as the sunbeams appear  
 To attract and dissolve every storm-cloud above.

Did she wail o'er a hero? then she wailed o'er a son !  
 She had taught him “ forgiveness is stronger than war,  
 That a kiss for a blow is not cowardly done,  
 Cowards likewise are braver, than breakers of Law ; ”  
 There's no shadow can tarnish the gold of his name,  
 To the grave, it will carry her gray hairs in peace,  
 There's no leaf to be clipped from the wreath of his  
     fame,  
 For the Right, do the crowns, of the martyrs increase.

---

### THE PITIFUL SIGHT OF THE CHANGING YEAR.

THE winds are cracking their gusty whips  
 And surrying through the sky,  
 As they were driving the flocks of snow  
 Which in the Northward fly,

The forests mourning in suits of black,  
 The earth is wrinkled and old,  
     But the pitiful sight of the changing year  
     Is the poor hungry and cold.

What earthly joy have the very poor?  
 What comfort or what content  
 In a rickety house with a broken roof,  
 When the bitterest blasts are sent?  
 When the cold creeps over their trembling limbs  
 In a stiff'ning and snaky fold?  
     O the pitiful sight of the changing year  
     Is the poor hungry and cold.

A handful of fire on the broken hearth,  
 A smothering, smoking pile  
 He blows, with a remnant of feeble breath  
 That a spark of hope may smile,  
 A pittance of coal from the frozen street  
 Which the rich man's ashes hold,  
     O the pitiful sight of the changing year  
     Is the poor hungry and cold.

Why need the poor a well-filled shed  
 When the cellar is empty and bare?  
 The harvest of summer seems not for him,  
 Though the Lord sent enough and to spare;  
 "Where there's little of food, there's little of fire"  
 Is the shortest sermon told,  
     O the pitiful sight of the changing year  
     Is the poor hungry and cold.

The preacher may call till the day of doom  
 On the wicked to "be saved,"  
 The prison will gape wide as the church  
 When men are by want enslaved,  
 There were never fetters forged so sure,  
 Or bolts that so surely hold,  
     O the pitiful sight of the changing year  
     Is the poor hungry and cold.

There was never a fiend like the fiend of want,  
 There was never a curse like this,  
 The body can sin, and the soul feel pure—  
 As an angel up in bliss,  
 While man is judging the outward act,  
 His God does the inward hold,  
     O the pitiful sight of the changing year  
     Is the poor hungry and cold.

O God has cheapened His stores, that man  
 Shall have no want to bear,  
 The North and the South have filled the land  
 With abundance to eat and to wear,  
 Yet thousands seek for work in vain,  
 Eating the bread that's doled,  
     O the pitiful sight of the changing year  
     Is the poor hungry and cold.

## THE ROSE.

THERE is something divine in your marvelous grace  
That tells where the Spirit of Love must abide,  
While the blushes of modesty seen on your face  
Preserves from a touch of the Spirit of Pride.

Ye meet at the bridal, where mirthfulness lends  
Like the cloy of a passion, a sadness of voice,  
On your splendor the thorn of the Spirit attends,  
While the heart on your odorous balm will rejoice.

In your beauty ye gather to cover the bier,  
With a radiance dispelling the thought of relief,  
The features of death in your presence appear  
Too lovely for earth and too holy for grief.

Ye are twined for the bugle, the banner, the arch,  
Where the feet of the conqueror proudly will tread,  
In the stains of their glory, the victors will march  
To stain with your beauty, the graves of their dead.

Ye are gayest, to meet where the dancers convene,  
Where Joy swoons and revives in the music's bright  
power,  
Though the fires of love rival your tropical sheen,  
Fond bosoms are clasped by your love-knots this hour.



With our Passion ye meet, from the crib to the bier,  
Still unemploy'd, are expecting your beautiful bloom  
Where a heaven will wipe from our face every tear,  
And its June in the flame of its Roses consume.

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## SWEET SPIRIT OF LOVE.

SWEET Spirit of Love, can'st thou prolong  
This ecstasy of love an hour?  
Confessions, which to thee belong  
Give me supremely, to thy power,  
But thou can'st bring me no repose  
When once the fickle thrill awakes,  
The heart it enters, ne'er can close,  
Its ecstasy subdues or breaks.

I open all my heart and fling  
Upon thy bosom all that's told,  
Thou sweet intoxicant, and cling  
As mad,—yet thou did'st break my hold,  
And Earth has lost its paradise  
And heart-communion lost its bliss  
Because that hour forever flies  
When every vein was thrilled with this.

Sweet Spirit of Love, if there's a place  
Where thou eternally can'st stay,  
And not be driven in disgrace  
Into the realms of outer day,

Perhaps, to find the men, there, gods,  
 To find the women, angels,—where  
 So e'er the place, love makes no odds  
 Betwixt courtship and marrying there.

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LOVE AFTER TEA.

I.

How bright are the pictures which young recollection  
 Throws onto the foreground of life as we pass,  
 But truer and fonder, in those hours of reflection  
 When husband and wife hold the magical glass.  
 While pencils of bright flame are etching the lamp  
 white  
 Whose mellowing glow fills the room every-where,  
 Enjoying their rockers drawn close to the fire-light  
 Two faces are clearing of wrinkles and care.

II.

Her swift flying feet have been ready to answer  
 The constant exactions of pleasure and pain,  
 Her fingers though skillful will never advance her  
 Beyond what to-day has done over again,—  
 The odds and the ends for the household all finished,  
 The maid of all work left with nothing to do,  
 The children at last, leave the circle diminished,  
 Alone, at the fire-side the lovers are two.

## III.

Her eyes kindly twinkle with love for the husband,  
 The smiles brightly mist o'er his beard for the wife,  
 The tick of the second goes teasing the hour-hand  
 And no longer troubling the passage of life,—  
 Two hearts beat as one in the purest communion  
 That comes, after seal of connubial ban,  
 And lips meet to kiss in the holiest union,  
 The kiss that is shameless 'twixt woman and man.

## IV.

And there, as two angels sat down 'mong the lilies  
 Where whitest and sweetest in heaven above,  
 Beatified ones, by the blesséd affinities  
 Of love, in the spirit of all that is love,  
 Their troubles all cast on the Healing Physician,  
 Again there are two, in the Eden of man,  
 The tempter has slunk to the shades of perdition  
 And love shows divine, in the conjugal plan.

FALL RIVER, MASS., *July 28, 1883.*

## MAMMOTH CAVE.

THE first verse of the poem was composed at the cave; the remainder in the stage-coach on the way to Cave City, ten miles distant.

WHEN earth terraqueous left the Creator's hand,  
 Water contended with the encroaching land;  
 And a diluvial ocean in its flow  
 Carried the cunning lime unto its foe,

Which storing up the bottom of the sea  
The lime-rock there was born ; as God, would be,  
Using the forces of the rebellious wave  
To build the dungeons of the Mammoth Cave.

Honored by God with an eternal age,  
Man feels His awful presence on each page ;  
Hears how His mighty spirit moves the sea ;  
The firmaments round out immensity ;  
And dense with darkness, earth has seen no light  
Under thick clouds which shut the heaven from sight,  
When the young world rose dripping from the wave  
Which piled the bed-rock of the Mammoth Cave.

The sun was laden with its gaseous breath,  
And all the atmosphere was filled with death ;  
Except, the rocks, nature had swooned away,—  
Beauty had found no medium for its ray,—  
Gigantic forests slumbered in the germ  
Ferns and club-mosses, till their awakening term,  
And the subsidence of the acidulous wave  
Which cut the rock-ribs of the Mammoth Cave.

Now like the rush of angels' wings, the breeze  
Sung its first lullaby across the seas ;  
The earth beheld the splendor of the bow  
Spanning the heaven—where gods are said to go,  
And well they might, and not dishonor Him  
Who makes the glory of the angels dim ;  
And sparkling with the beauty of the wave,  
The rock had blossomed, in the Mammoth Cave.

True to the rule of Time, which gives the crown  
 After the trial of the cross is borne,  
 God hung the rose upon the cavern's mouth,  
 The violet put her jacinth petals forth  
 And drank the dew, when still condensing night  
 Had cooled the earth and vapor floating light,  
 And Light had kissed as fondly drop and wave  
 And made its covenant with the Mammoth Cave.

O crown of mind, O Immortality,  
 Go find the forces of the land and sea!  
 Explore the heaven and earth, and thou shalt see  
 God will be God of all their mystery!  
 Yield up thy pride, "to look upon His face,"  
 And take thy life a favor of His grace,  
 For thou shalt bow before Him, like the wave  
 Which built the caverns of the Mammoth Cave.

*August 9, 1882*

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### A SCRAP OF POETRY.

NOGAMOTO O. KABE, a Japanese prince, completed his studies at Yale College; made the tour of the United States and Europe, returning to Japan in 1883.

THANK Heaven, it is one song fills all the Earth,  
 Sung in the same language, in the same chord of music,  
 Terrestrially, in all souls it has birth,  
 Celestially, it is the song cherubic.

Love, Brotherhood, Humanity are one,  
 One magnetism finds in all a power,

Where Asian Islands first induce the Sun  
To mould his splendor into fruit and flower,

Where torrid Afric rears the tower of palm,  
Where Ocean keeps the chains of Arctic on,  
Where Earth needs vassals, and mankind need balm,  
Love does translate all languages—by one.

Here's every zone, here every race can flourish,  
Here every product grows and vegetates,  
With all we are Republican, we nourish  
All men with freedom, knowledge, and estates.

In that dear Isle Nippón, O then recall  
The awaiting for you in this "Home sweet home,"  
Your lines in pleasant places here did fall,  
Old Yale's your *Mater*, wheresoe'er you roam.

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### THE PIPE OF PEACE.

PRESIDENT HAYES was presented with the Peace-Pipe, Sept. 28, 1877.

A BARBARIC bowl is the Indian's pipe,  
The sacred Pipe of Peace ;  
'Tis hewn from the old rock's flinty grip,  
Then hollowéd out, for its roomy lip,  
And carved with the bison's fleece  
And antlers grasping each spiny tip  
Round the Indian Pipe of Peace.

A reed of slender stem they wind  
With plumes — which the eagle frees,  
And filled with weed, where'er they find  
The spirit of good in the human kind  
They light the Pipe of Peace,  
The lips of the Indian when combined  
Bring forth the spirit of peace.

It has written like ink the silvery air,  
The smoke of the Pipe of Peace ;  
A treaty of peace by the blue Delaware  
When the father of love the Lennäppé met there  
And he purchased the lands of these,  
The oath of the red-man was sacred who sware  
With Penn on the Pipe of Peace.

It has sweeten'd the lips of the brave Illinois  
The breath of the Pipe of Peace ;  
When the priest of the white man accepted his toy,  
The breast of the savage was throbbing with joy  
After smoking the Pipe of Peace,  
The Christ of Marquette, was a vision t' enjoy,  
He saw in the Pipe of Peace.

It has banded a brotherhood distant and wide  
The smoke of the Pipe of Peace ;  
It has glisten'd with spray from the Ocean tide,  
Has rolled like a cloud up the Cumberland side  
And swung o'er Yosemite's  
And sprung like the elk 'cross the Great Divide  
The smoke of the Pipe of Peace.

If the white man carries a selfish heart  
 When he smokes the Pipe of Peace,  
 From their lands and their homes they must depart—  
 O the Cherokee knoweth the graves apart  
 Of his Braves—he left with these—  
 From his graves condemn'd, since taking the part  
 Of pariah, the whites to please.

If the Choctaw lived like the white brave, when  
 He offered the Pipe of Peace,  
 The laws of the whites, were the laws of men  
 Who conquer'd a world, were conquering then  
 Every foot of ground from these,  
 They too must depart to be savages, when  
 The white Brave was to please.

Yes, the white men carry a selfish heart  
 When they smoke the Pipe of Peace;  
 Though the hills were of gold, it was their part  
 To do, as they'd wish the Indian heart  
 Would do by them, with these,  
 O Red Cloud found the cross—his part  
 Of the white men's vision of peace.

The White Father, only had this to tell,  
 When he smoked the Pipe of Peace;  
 "The rivers are numbered by which they dwell,  
 Th' forests are numbered and numbers foretell  
 The last of the Pipes of Peace.  
 For Nature has claims, she must yield as well  
 And the braves must yield with these."



## THE DANDELION.

CROWN me with Dandelion  
    Strewn by the Spring,  
Full of the cheery gold  
    Found in a ring,  
Full of the maiden-breath  
    Found in a flower,  
Bring me the starry-gold  
    Fresh, to my bower.

After the feet of the  
    Spring have flown by,  
Leaving the field like  
    A patch of the sky,  
Down, 'mong the grasses  
    They twinkle and shine,  
She's the enchantress  
    Who opens the mine.

Rich, as the yellow coin  
    Made at the mint,  
With the sweet face of spring  
    For the imprint,  
Gather the starry-gold  
    Rich as a Jew's—  
For the bright buckles too,  
    Worn on my shoes.

## THE NORTHMEN.

O THEY are gallant, gallant Captains  
Who sail to the Polar Main,  
To conquer by courage and not by sword  
The cold on its native plain.

Who gallantly, gallantly drive their ships  
Into the icebergs' jaws,  
And woe to the crew and the navy too  
When caught in their bloodless maws.

They have gallant, gallant hearts who wait  
While the Sun is held at bay,  
And Cold and Darkness six long months  
Hold stern titanic sway.

They have gallant, gallant spirits who watch  
The fight six months prolong,  
When the Sun enforces his titan sway  
And the cold reinforced too strong.

As gallant a Dutchman as ever has sailed  
His frigate away to the North  
Where ice grows faster than corn at the South,  
Was Heemskerk with the pluck of his cloth.

As gallant a crew as from England sailed  
Was charmed by the Kraken cold,

Were crushed in its toils—like the Laocoön,  
With no grave but its icy fold.

As gallant, as gallant as admiral could be  
And brave as a lion for its cub,  
McClintock quadrupled his search for Sir John  
As though the North Pole he would snub.

And Kane has twice entered the den of the bear  
And twice herbinated in ice,  
And Hall took meridians and parallels there  
While the icicles froze to his eyes.

And Nordenskold gallantly circled the Pole  
And came through the East by a door  
That never was opened because of the cold  
By any bold sailor before.

As gallantly Schwatka did hazard his life  
Where Franklin and Irving remain,  
Where Cheops in ice, will immortalize fame  
And the cold will as deathless complain.

Far, far more eternal than marble or bronze  
These tablets their valor enroll,  
No sound of the hammer and graver is heard  
In building their tombs at the Pole.

The valorous men who tried bearding the cold,—  
DeLong who succumbed to its spies,  
Danenhower's ursine grip on the fiend of the Pole,  
Greely's rescue from famine and ice,

Where Seehley as gallantly, gallantly went  
 When the dying a paladin call,  
 This frigid sea-errantry calls for a man  
 To be offered up Christlike for all.

Wilks, D'Unville and Ross, with those gallant com-  
 mands  
 Who felt the ice crunching their bones,  
 O as gallant commands as ever nations sent  
 Have sailed to the frozen zones.

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### THE SLAVE'S PURCHASE.

FREEDOM that's purchased with Slavery, must be  
 Freedom the sweetest descended from Liberty;  
 For Time which appears to grow like any tree  
 Seems ever increasing, buying it, to be free;  
 And Hope that glitters on the distant goal, a star,  
 Oftentimes must sink too low to shine,—at war  
 With that emotional gloominess in the soul  
 When high the billows of desperation roll—  
 And nigh to drowning in this abandonment, he  
 Discovers no Saving Rock but Slavery,  
 No hope but in bondage, kissing even this rod,  
 But feeling a grave under every foot of sod;  
 O what rewards shall Heaven award the slave  
 Who himself raised—body, soul, mind—from such  
 grave?

And when his lungs are inflated with freedom, he  
Bondage assumes, till he buys wife and children free;  
O man is love in Liberty like this?  
Would'st thine toil, suffer, sacrifice like his?  
Patriots will die for country, moralists die  
For principle, and Christians die for faith,  
And men have died for men in Slavery,—  
But not like the freedman treading the wheel to save  
The souls which see no ultimate but a grave;  
Who will define such love as his? A wraith  
Comes in love's place after death or separation,—  
Yet this man toils, will make grander abnegation  
For love which the master would destroy, than he  
Who owns the slave and holds all love is free;  
Such love among the freedmen proves to me  
That hearts have broken of love in Slavery!  
O what rewards will Heaven award the slave  
Who raised his wife and children from this grave?  
O Freedom that's purchased with slavery, must be  
Freedom the sweetest descended from Liberty!

KENTUCKY, *September 1, 1884.*

## CENTENNIAL SONGS.

THE following Centennial songs were published in brochure during 1876, in Peoria, Ills.

Inspired with the sentiments of a patriot and the principles of a Unionist, a grave reverence for the solemn responsibilities assumed by our early fathers in fighting and conquering for us this sacred trust, and the prayerful hope that statesmen will conscientiously protect and advance the high interest confided to their keeping, the authoress must wish, that all who read these songs could be likewise inspired with the love of that freedom which

“Utters thunder till the world shall cease.”

## SONG OF THE TEA KETTLE.

AIR.—Home, Sweet Home.

HARK to the song which the tea-kettle sings,  
The domestic tea-kettle, boiling for tea,  
Clattering its lid—and at every puff flings  
A cloud, that grows fast, as a tempest at sea.

“Home, Home, sweet, sweet home.

There’s no place like home, there’s no place like  
home.”

When the great man at home put his hand in his pocket  
And whined out so often, “he had n’t a pound  
To wager at piquet or swell the war docket,”

What could the lords do then but give him more ground?

“Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,” etc.

Till all of the homes which their cousins did settle  
And bodies—and pockets—and consciences too

Belong to the king—who by warrants could nettle  
 His subjects with the old yoke just furbished anew.  
 “Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,” etc.

And then when our forefathers had to send over  
 A distance of three thousand miles for a hat  
 And crow-bar and paper,—they thought they could  
 love her—  
 But make these at home, as they ’d genius for that.  
 “Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,” etc.

Said England: “But O how maternal, to send them  
 Their clothing and furnish their tables beside,  
 Perhaps they’ll cry out, ‘its oppression, or our phlegm,’  
 We’ll keep them a visiting, though, till they’ve died!”  
 “Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,” etc.

“Their uncles, and aunties, and cousins, are striving  
 At home here, to keep them supplied with enough,  
 Perhaps they’ll die too, of the trouble of living,  
 If we do n’t give the colonies shops a rebuff.”  
 “Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,” etc.

“We’ll tax them on sugar, and rum, and molasses,  
 Forbid Carolina to make tar and staves,  
 We’ll send them our wines too—and just to try passes—  
 We’ll send o’er a cargo of tea, to the slaves.”  
 “Home, Home, sweet, sweet home,” etc.

The tea-kettle dried up its drops of vexation  
 I thought all its vapors of hate, it had poured,

When suddenly hissing a splenetic "*taxation*,"  
 I thought, 't was the night the tea went overboard.  
 "Home, Home, sweet, sweet home," etc.

## YANKEE DOODLE.

December 16—'73

They gave the great tea party,  
 And when they got through with the tea  
 The men were feeling hearty  
 And everybody whistled then  
 The tune of Yankee Doodle,  
 It stirred up all the minute men -  
 And roused the British poodle.

They ban the courts to Salem-town,  
 And shut the custom-houses  
 And Boston looks a little down,  
 Before her spleen composes  
 But everybody whistled then  
 The tune of Yankee Doodle,  
 It stirred up all the minute men  
 And roused the British poodle.

It snarled, until it got a bill  
 Through parliament to carry,  
 To quarter troops in Boston, till,  
 The people they could harry  
 And everybody whistled then  
 The tune of Yankee Doodle,



It stirred up all the minute men  
And roused the British poodle.

The ports deserted, customs stopped,  
• Wharves waiting for the duster  
You may have thought their courage dropped,—  
*They'd more than they dared muster*  
For everybody whistled then  
The tune of Yankee Doodle,  
It stirred up all the minute men  
And roused the British poodle.

And when the British troops marched out  
Eight hundred strong, for Concord,  
Eighty true patriots set about  
A rally to the good Lord  
And everybody whistled then  
The tune of Yankee Doodle,  
It cheered up all the minute men  
But roused the British poodle.

As times looked blue, the Whigs called for  
A Congress to assemble  
Which showed a deadly sting for war,  
Making the British tremble  
And everybody whistled then  
The tune of Yankee Doodle,  
It cheered up all the minute men  
But roused the British poodle.

With thirteen rattles in its tail  
The Colonial snake preparéd

To make th' British constrictor quail,  
 To see its rights were squaréd  
 And everybody whistled then  
 The tune of Yankee Doodle,  
 It stirred up all the minute men  
 And roused the British poodle.

They showed what stuff they were made of  
 As well as a flint musket,  
 At Bunker Hill they spilled enough  
 Of blood to make the grass wet  
 And everybody whistled then  
 The tune of Yankee Doodle,  
 It cheered up all the fighting men  
 And roused the British poodle.

And if they thought our brain was light  
 And thought our heart conceity,  
 For Yankee Doodle we did fight  
 Until we forced a treaty  
 And everybody whistled then  
 The tune of Yankee Doodle,  
 Before the world we are the men  
 Who whipped the British Poodle.

### THE TRUMPET.

AIR.—“Portuguese Hymn.”

THEN, like it rolled from the blast of a trumpet,  
 “O nation! I try every cause in a balance,

The Right shall weigh down, and the Wrong shall weigh  
up,

One word of my fiat is more than your talents ;

Bare the sword ! let every man's right arm be  
ready

And the foe shall melt down, like the foam on  
the sea.

“ Put on the whole armor, to go into battle !

‘The cuirass of Truth, and the helmet of Justice,  
The tough shield of Godliness, borne through the con-  
flict

And the cause you fight for, shall go never amiss,

Bare the sword ! let every man's right arm be  
ready

And the foe shall melt down, like the foam on  
the sea.

“ ‘T is I, who have measured the girth of the oceans,

With continents fairest, their bosoms begemmed,

They sit there, like sisters, but one ye shall people

With races of freemen, which tyrants condemned,

Bare the sword ! let every man's right arm be  
ready

And the foe shall melt down, like the foam on  
the sea.

“ They shall leave you alone, in the land that ye came to,

Your ships, was the rod that divided the sea,

Your cause has the pillar of fire in the night-time,

By day for your pillar of cloud I will be,

Bare the sword! let every man's right arm be  
 ready  
 And the foe shall melt down, like the foam on  
 the sea.

“Ye have taken a leader, a man I have chosen,  
 Ye shall follow and fight where his valor leads you,  
 Armipotent he shall lead you out victorious,  
 In my strength I have panoplied him to go through,  
 Bare the sword! when every man's right arm is  
 ready  
 The foe shall melt down, like the foam on the sea.”

### THE FLAG—JANUARY 1, 1876.

TUNE.—Red, White, and Blue.

It flies, it flies, is it a living thing?  
 Did it come from out the sky?  
 Does it sail along on feathery wing?  
 Is it angel, bird or fly?  
 It delights to fly in mountain air  
 Which ripens the mountain grass,  
 It climbs from scrap to escarp there  
 Where shocks of rude winds pass.  
 God be with us where e'er we may be,  
 Victory perch on the Flag of the Free!  
 Proudly waving away War's red wraith,  
 O'er our Freedom it hovers like Faith.

It darts right toward the direst storm  
 And where the lightnings lance

And where the thunders growl alarm  
 Turns there, its eagle glance ;  
 It descends to the gentle gales  
 That swing o'er plains below,  
 It comes! On azure wing it sails  
 With golden stars aglow.

God be with us where e'er we may be,  
 Victory perch on the Flag of the Free!  
 Proudly waving away War's red wraith,  
 O'er our Freedom it hovers like Faith.

It is, it is the bonny flag  
 By young freemen unfurled,  
 Who swore a great oath ne'er to fag  
 Till honored by the world ;  
 Who swore to try afield the appeal  
 And met the vaunting foe,  
 And there with arms as true as steel  
 To strike where it should go.

God be with us where e'er we may be,  
 Victory perch on the Flag of the Free!  
 Proudly waving away War's red wraith,  
 O'er our Freedom it hovers like Faith.

Who swore, where cannons boomed, to go  
 Where'er their colors lead,  
 And where their rifles hissed, to show  
 No foeman there could tread ;  
 Who swore to carry it where suns  
 Were wiped from off the sky—

By smoke and flame, from raging guns  
That spat their wrath so high.

God be with us where e'er we may be,  
Victory perch on the Flag of the Free!  
Proudly waving away War's red wraith,  
O'er our Freedom it hovers like Faith.

It snapped, defiance, like the wind—

One hundred years ago,  
When men united as one mind  
All hardships to forego;  
Meeting the bristling front of war  
And 'mid its iron talk,  
Did write in blood, a clause of law  
At Trenton, Guilford, York.

God be with us where e'er we may be,  
Victory perch on the Flag of the Free!  
Proudly waving away War's red wraith,  
O'er our Freedom it hovers like Faith.

Though shattered on the Brandywine

Under a leaden scourge,  
It waved a defiant ensign  
O'er the camp at Valley Forge;  
But shaking prouder every fold  
When kissed by the June sun,  
At Monmouth where the victory rolled  
Our flag the fairest, shone.

God be with us where e'er we may be,  
Victory perch on the Flag of the Free!

Proudly waving away War's red wraith,  
O'er our Freedom it hovers like Faith.

The gales at sea might beat its bars  
And rain of fire pour hard  
As when flying with all its scars  
From the Bonhomme Richard;  
But life was in the bonny flag  
By young freemen unfurled,  
Who swore a great oath ne'er to fag  
Till honored by the world.

God be with us where e'er we may be,  
Victory perch on the Flag of the Free!  
Proudly waving away War's red wraith,  
O'er our Freedom it hovers like Faith.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

O, countrymen, join all and sing  
"Our happy, happy land,"  
Divided we are always weak,  
United we shall stand,  
We sing the songs we used to sing  
In good old days of yore,  
That forced to rove, the winds will waft  
Us to our native shore,  
The good old songs we used to sing  
For good old days of yore,  
That forced to rove, the winds will waft  
Us to our native shore.

Where'er to-day, our countrymen  
They'll recollect her fame,  
And sing the songs we sing at home  
To celebrate her name,  
They'll sing the songs we used to sing  
In good old days of yore,  
That wafted back to native land  
Their hearts will rove no more,  
The good old songs they love to sing  
For good old days of yore,  
That wafted back to native land  
Their hearts shall rove no more.

May all who've left their kindred dear  
And made with us a home,  
Find all the laws so pure and just  
They'll care no more to roam,  
Then join and sing the songs we sung  
In good old days of yore,  
That wafted here from fatherland,  
Your hearts may rove no more,  
The good old songs we love to sing  
For good old days of yore,  
That wafted here from fatherland  
Your hearts may rove no more.



## INDEPENDENCE BELLS—1776—1876.

LET the reader of the Independence Bells reflect, that the tories of the Revolutionary war must have been as chagrined at the mention of the successes of the Continental army as any Confederate can be at the mention of battles won by the Union army. It is imbecile and wicked to ignore our nation's history. The battles for the Union will as surely be read for all time, as the battles of England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, or the conflicts of Russia and the Turks.—[AUTHORESS.

## THE OLD BELL.

- “HARK! to the Independence Bell  
 From the dome of Liberty Hall!  
 The tale our iron lips can tell  
 Like an old veteran's fall,  
 Come up and hear the story, 'mid  
 The scenes of the olden time,  
 Where, our first throb for Freedom, did  
 Set ringing every chime.
- “Our pulse was beating just as strong  
 As any in the town,  
 When feverish bullets sped along  
 The plains of Lexington,  
 And when our stumbling foemen fell  
 Into their open graves,  
 The red lettering they left could tell  
 What deeds, the patriot braves.
- “And when the swiftest couriers swoop  
 Down, on the scattered towns,

And tell, how every British troop  
Deserts the Boston downs,  
The bell it went off with a peal  
As sudden as a rocket!  
Franklin's old printing-press did feel  
Also, the spirit of it!

“It was a hundred years ago  
We held our speechful tongue,  
The sentient bell: waiting to show  
When the grandest deed was done;  
Just like a mighty angel would  
With trumpet at his mouth,  
To roll a blast of tidings good  
O'er North, East, West, and South.

“What yearning, prayerful hearts were led  
Up to the throne that day:  
That prayer for “Independence” said  
Enough, to give it sway,  
And when the immortal names went on  
The parchment with the rod,  
It was our new commandment stone  
Right from the hand of God.

“If Aaron's rod can bud and bear  
Long as his priesthood stands,—  
That pen has dropped a seed on, there,  
That's growing to shade all lands,  
A mighty tree, wherein the tribes  
Can shelter, just the tree

The olden, and prophetic scribes  
Told, 'Jesus said, 't would be.'

“The eager patriots caught the sound  
And learned how freedom spoke!  
The tidal wave of joy it found,  
To a loud 'Praise God!' broke  
And roll'd up to the azure cloud  
And roll'd off to the main,  
And oaths, by Him, that day, they vowed  
Set off a dreadful train.

“The Quaker atmosphere was charged  
With spirit, as never, where  
The heavenly-hearted Penn had warred  
With only beads and prayer,  
But meekness couldn't endure the ring  
Of the king's balls,—to stake her  
Pluck against these, was sure to bring  
The volunteering Quaker.

“The tune of the old bell was heard  
Up in the pines of Maine;  
It sped the coast, too, like a bird,  
Down to the Mexic main;  
'T was caught in Carolina's swamps;  
It woke up Eutaw Springs;  
To it the British regular tramps  
When it at Cowpens rings.

“The old bell hurries to declare  
How, with the drum's tattoo—

When rolling up the Delaware  
Came on the hurrying foe,—  
It called the sires and sons to arms,  
It beat the reveillé,  
But lost its breath pounding alarms  
When Howe sailed in from sea.

“The Sabbath bells all play’d the air,  
Such wond’rous love was in it;  
The Union learned its common prayer,  
When parson Jefferson blessed it:  
And where the dove-of-peace can come  
To nestle with the eagle,  
There, Love and Freedom find a home  
And men can worship equal.

“We carried the key-note, which was found  
To cheer the gallant crew,  
With this, the gallant ship did bound  
Across Old Ocean blue,  
Before Key had her rhythm wrote  
The sailor loved to scan her  
Wild whistling music, note by note,  
Of the Star Spangled Banner.

“Before this master found the scale  
And wrote her starry tune  
Our Banner proved the favoring sail  
Which flew before the sun;  
With this, our tars the guns could slip  
On every enemy’s cruiser,

Lawrence did never give up the ship,  
Perry's sea-fight was a bruiser.

“ It was the Spirit of the Bell  
That started up the fray,  
Tripping the foemen when they fell  
At Resaca d'la Palmá ;  
Through blasts of death it led away,  
It led out of the ditch,  
And with the foe at Monterey  
It was a very witch.

“ When the golden crown has fallen  
From the proud Chapultepec,  
Leaving Mexico an orphan  
And her gloomy age a wreck,  
Up among her white Sierras  
Floats this air from drum and fife,  
Like a storm swoop down the cheerers,  
Swoop our heroes to the strife.

#### THE NEW BELL.

“ HARK, hark, to the new Liberty Bell  
From the dome of Liberty Hall!  
The tale we volunteer to tell  
Rings round this starry ball!  
The boys all know the Hancock march  
The girls the Lincoln prayer,  
But every Union pitch we search  
For Farragut's lyre there.

- “ When he was up among the ropes  
Lash'd to the main-top spar,  
Where for the Rebel ram he gropes  
He flashed out like a star!  
And clearly, over the booming guns  
And yell of shot and shell  
A strain of hero-music runs  
Which struck sparks from the bell.—
- “ When bright and glancing rays of steel  
Went flashing up Lookout,  
The boys in blue did never reel  
Before their foemen stout,  
And every hero did his work  
As right before his eyes  
Hooker and Grant and every Turk  
Were bound for Paradise.
- “ And when a stream of fire and shell  
Pour'd out of Wagner, grim,  
The memory of our solemn knell  
Mov'd ev'ry heart with him,  
When, DuPont bared his brow, and stood  
With God's hands on his head—  
Vowing to make the Union good,  
Or give his life instead.
- “ And when flint Thomas stood against  
The Rock of Chickamauga,  
There was a roll of bass commenced  
The hero alone could augur,

And when the gunner's tuning-forks  
 Struck their antiphony,  
 It woke an echo 'mong the rocks  
 Which rung a victory.

“ And on the bell, and on the bell  
 The strokes were fleetly falling,  
 Fast as the concuss'd shot they fell  
 The fun was never palling,  
 And never since the Union gun  
 Scattered the enemy,  
 Did the Bell's clapper ever run  
 The tune so merrily.

“ The bell for victory insane  
 When dinging like a jester,  
 Its tympanum caught the refrain  
 The gallop from Winchester,  
 ‘ Face about, boys, we're going back,  
 We're going back to lick 'em ! ’  
 Struck it with such a sudden thwack  
 It shrieked out ‘ Double quick 'em ! ’

“ Our plummy banners road along  
 The winds, like a free eagle ;  
 When, up the sun rose bright and strong  
 The Union stars looked regal,  
 And when the day and darkness met  
 Over those Southern regions,  
 Our stars did never, never set  
 With Sherman and his legions.”

\* \* \* \* \*

These songs, like a long *quipu* cord,  
Knot up a hundred years;  
Back—when the painted savage warr'd  
Like his brother beast, appears  
The conquering crew that pressed their way  
Through walls of waters wide,  
Overthrowing Nature's strong array  
In arms, on every side.

Then, through the leafy windows pour  
Of temples vast and high,  
The notes that came to Freedom's shore  
In the bell of Liberty;  
And hymns to God went singing through  
Old aisles unused to such,  
They turn'd the stately forest to  
The school-house and the church.

The winds were busy with the sails  
That sought this distant shore,  
The new discover'd soil unveils  
Its thousand springs, which pour  
Into the waiting hands that spread  
The gifts with magic thrift,  
And Industry and Genius wed  
And Art and Skill they lift!

Wherever now, we wend our way,  
If toward the Northern gates  
And try their icy locks, or stray  
To the sun-pasture States,



Or look for the prairie flowers,  
Or seek for golden sand,  
The Independence Bell there showers  
Its music on the land.

THE OLD AND THE NEW—JULY 4,  
1876.

A HUNDRED years with all their freight  
Are rolling out of sight,  
The centuries take another mate  
On their eternal flight,  
It came and found the gates ajar  
Which open on the east,  
It blazoned each name with a star,  
Thirteen!—gloriously increased;—  
It came and cast its flashing crown  
Down from its radiant brow,  
And called on God to send renown  
As its deserts allow,  
It hurled its scepter from its hand,  
It seized a pen of flame  
And wrote its oath so strong, the land  
Saw its prophetic name,  
It plead for “Progress, Truth, and Right”  
With all which these entail,  
And held its glittering sword in sight  
To break—when these prevail;  
It came with rudely armed men  
From hillside and from plain,  
The farm, the mill, the work-shop, then  
The school in which they train,

They had no manual of arms  
But practiced with a foe  
Who filled the forest with alarms,  
As winter with the snow.

Our dear! Our dear! forefathers, who  
Died through these hundred years,  
Our filial gratitude will show  
Its blossoms as appears—  
Wherewith to deck your scattered graves  
Where, rescued by your name,  
The grass that waves above their eaves,  
Is whispering your fame.

We love you for the toiling hand  
And busy, patient brain  
Which broke the soil and turned the land  
To traffic's golden gain ;  
We love you for the worrying thought  
Which tired nature down,  
For every crude invention wrought  
In rudest wood and stone ;  
We love you for the wrestling boor  
Who felled the forest trees  
And piled the walls and laid the floor  
Of puncheon out of these,  
Who toiled with rifle at his side  
Watching for lurking death,  
And yet his courage never died  
But with his final breath,

Who saw his household growing strong  
Although by danger shorn,  
Whose maids were cheered with rustic song  
And kissed when husking corn ;  
We love you for the acts of faith  
Which made our fathers one,  
For what your backwoods' prayer convey'th  
Which led the preacher on,  
The scattered settlers' flag of smoke,  
The blazing ax they swung  
Were heralds of the light that broke  
Where the Good Tidings rung.

How could they ever think to lay  
The broad foundations down  
Of such a government, as they  
Left us, to rear upon ?  
So few, so weak, so much in need  
Of money, power, and fame,  
Surely, they were the chosen seed  
To whom the blessing came.

They guarded the pomerium<sup>1</sup>  
The little Mayflower plowed,  
Within the stronger walls have come  
Now, the amassing crowd,  
They were the dress of many lands,  
They talk like many men  
And all put forth their brawny hands  
To heave our anchor then,

And when they cast it in the sea  
Of politics, our ship  
Rides out the angry waves as free  
As the storm-petrel's dip.

A hundred years put forth their strength  
And lo! the mighty change,  
Steam strides now twenty leagues, its length  
An hour, across our range,  
The little boat which floated on  
Our rivers, like a shell,  
Now nestles 'midst the reeds, or gone  
Down 'neath the turgid swell  
The iron-lunged leviathan  
Raises with blasts of breath,  
Vanquishing many a haughty clan  
Whose heart-breaks found them death.

A hundred years put forth their wealth  
And lo! the mighty show ;—  
A thousand industries,—our health,  
We see rise up, and go,  
Our unknown values—till the Type  
And spiritual Press  
Gave to the Century in our grip,  
Their Autographic dress.

With giant progress at the helm  
Our hundred years have run  
And opened wide the western realm  
And passed out with the sun ;

The Asiatic lands have heard  
And seen our pond'rous train,  
These dead, within their graves have heard  
And wakened up again,—  
We hail the true prophetic day  
Of the millennium song,—  
Their despots tremble at our sway  
And cower before their wrong.

<sup>1</sup> Pomerium—A space around the walls of a city or town. It was anciently laid off with a plow.

## MY COUNTRY—A THRENODE:

WRITTEN during the corruption of public officials by the Whisky Ring, the winter of 1875-76.

My Country! name for that sweet lyre  
Which gives the soul its noblest thrill,  
What other theme can so inspire?  
What song is so enrapturing still?

My earliest Muse, thy suasive voice  
Which moved the land from end to end,  
When Virtues stirred thee to rejoice,—  
When Evils rous'd thee to forefend.

When list'ning to thy chords divine,  
And few, thy story, then could mar,—  
We owned their sweet concord—"the sign  
Of Order"—was thy first great law.

While all the adjunctives that wait  
Like ministers about this throne,  
Bespeak thy dignity of state,  
Adding their luster to thine own.

Behold how easy Learning's point  
Cuts the shale of Ignorance to-day;  
Wisdom comes newly from the mint  
Contending sternly for her sway;

Behold how Genius snaps our chains,  
Unfeters all the laboring hands,  
And only asks for her sweet pains  
The friendship which her love commands;

Behold how lightly Labor lifts  
The rock, and earth, and yellow ore,  
How lightly o'er our broad fields, sifts  
The seed and brings it to our door;

Behold how lightly fly the wheels,  
Behold how lightly ply the ships,  
Behold how lightly it unreels  
The railway, where the carriage trips.

My Country in thy earlier hours  
Vocal with patriotic songs,  
How all their grandest music pours  
Thy flashing defiance, of wrongs!—

How every rood of land, that owned  
The name Columbia, we loved,  
How our Republic was renowned  
For unity, in which we moved!—

What if there was a cloud or two  
Between us and the effulgent sun!  
The fairest sky we ever view  
Will have some shadows o'er it run.

My Country, I would sing to thee  
A true, an earnest, wailing strain,



Flattery would mar its harmony,  
Then honest! though it brings me pain.

But thou art sad! Thou canst not see  
Unsought, the clean, the just, the strong,  
With trembling consciences men flee  
Where Guilt stalks with its glass along.

“*Et tu Bruté!*” thy breaking heart  
Hast uttered, with each falling stroke,  
Thou art no tyrant, but the part  
Of tyrants, bows thee to their yoke.

My Country thou art sad! And I  
Have sought the meaning of thy grief,  
Thou canst not put thy Reason by,—  
Thou must have for thy wrongs relief.

Thou hast a hideous viper laid  
Too near thy vitals, thou *must* see!  
Each branch of thy official aid  
Is poisoned with rank perjury.

Thou hast the reprobate and vile  
And cruel in thy posts of trusts,  
Thy asylums reeking with guile  
And victims shackled in the dust.

My Country, I had sung to thee  
A sweeter song in other times,  
I wait the turn of destiny  
To sooth thee with a lover's rhymes.

For lovers can not always praise !  
The Truth should be thy altar's flame,  
Another torch's flickering blaze  
Would leave thy heaven obscured the same.

And I would sweep thy heaven serene  
Counting the stars upon thy sky ;  
Were this fair Western World a queen  
Would crown her with my own Country.

## SOUVENIRS.

## AT MY FATHER'S GRAVE.

WITH filial reverence, I muse above  
This hillock, mingling with the dust I love,  
From the grave's trance, its noble form revived,  
The kind, impartial kiss, the look of pride  
As to his bosom I was fondly pressed  
And all his dear, paternal love expressed ;  
All? No; such love is deeper than the sea,  
Higher than the sky, and broader still, must be  
Than that eternity of space, where go  
The stars no telescope can ever show.  
Paternal love! None ever said "How deep?"  
But felt a stronger billow onward sweep,  
Till love o'erwhelmed the body and the soul,  
And only heaven can be the objective pole  
Where we can feel we love, and where express  
In satisfying words, our blessedness.

Stripped of the meretricious, false and vile,  
How looks the soul without a spot or soil?  
Judgments of men are naught before heaven's God,  
The false, exposed by his purifying rod—  
Not labor, poverty, nor lack thereof  
Of those adornments, without which, men scoff;

One hand no whiter than another's there,  
God asks "the virtue with which toil did share;"  
And thy rough hand is whiter to me now  
Than her's who wields a pen and seams the brow  
With thought! Thine, a heroic daring in  
The world's Olympiad, its bright crown to win;  
And shé, who loved thee, strives for one less fair,  
Albeit mine is a wreath, and thine the rare  
And heavy diadem of one who drew  
The "sword from the plowshare," taking in lieu  
Rewards of heaven—and not of men as I,—  
But patiently waiting till thine hour to die.

God has so made us, each shall live for each,  
None for himself. A broader love did teach  
'That one forgiveness reaches all mankind;"  
Bearing this hopeful charity in mind  
We know the realm of heaven is full of love,  
Sweeter than the lilies—fonder than the dove,  
Each soul. And thine, dear father, thine how fair!  
Each gift unfolded like a rose in air,  
Shedding its radiance on the angels round,  
Drinking the spiritual light that's always found  
In heaven. Father, on thy love I grew,  
And child-like grieve, years lost, the love I drew.  
PEORIA, *May* 11, 1882.

## FRIENDS' BURYING-GROUND.

THE Deed to the burying-ground adjoining the Friend's meeting-house, Woonsocket, R. I., bears date "17th December, the 6th of the reign of King George, the year of our Lord, 1719," described as "being the piece of land whereon is a burying-ground for the people called Quakers." This interesting fact was kindly furnished by Richard Battey, clerk of Smithfield monthly meeting, October, 19, 1883.

ASHES to ashes, dust to dust—  
 Here man ponders the lesson of trust,  
 'Till the angel of Life calleth over these tombs  
 And the dead shall ascend from funereal glooms.

How loyal to God is the dust that's here found;  
 Though, the King claimed his *fee* after deeding the  
     ground,  
 The Quaker affirmed, with the force of an oath,  
 That a king is but man, and God sovereign of both!

The Sign Manual of royalty flourished apace,  
 And the Quaker permitted a burial place  
 As a favor to take and a privilege to ask,  
 Though the sins of a king e'en the grave can not mask.

For the cut of his coat and the brim of his hat,  
 His dialect plain as the scriptural fact,  
 For the spirit inspiring the prayer which he said,  
 He is lying apart for the Judge of the Dead!

God is all in this place, where no stone does record  
 The boast of a deed or the pride of a word,

For the Quaker is meek, and is lying apart  
From the trappings of wealth and the splendor of art.

For the Judge of the Dead, what are plaudits and fame?  
Though the world wave its palms and hosannas acclaim,  
In the judgment of God how men's laurels will fade  
And the prince be uncrowned, and the beggar be paid.

For the Judge of the Dead, what are marbles and  
bronze  
That a touch thrills with life and a thought fills with  
tones?  
The temples of Egypt, the pyramids, tombs,  
Find their graves in the sand which the shifting wind  
combs.

For the Judge of the Dead, what are beauty and pride?  
The stars are His work, and their glory beside;  
All the beauty we boast, like their brightness must  
shine  
With the light that is borrowed from Beauty Divine.

Here the proudest secure what the humblest may crave,  
The presence of God and the rest of the grave;  
God is all in this place, for these hillocks depend  
On no favors of rank and no praises of friend.

With her mantle of holiness nature will screen  
The dead who await Him, in slumber serene.  
Rest in peace! Like the tents of old Israel spread,  
These standards wave holily over each head.

Rest in peace! While this spot is an Arimathea  
God's angels are watching the sepulchres here,  
Till these stones roll away and these bodies ascend  
From the grave full of night to the day without end.

From this rest I go back to the world and its cares  
And vanities, bait for its thousand of snares,—  
I am Thine! From the heart of a Quaker I came  
And my song was inspired by her spiritual flame!

## MY MOTHER.

My mother, when I knew that thou wast dead  
The past swept by me, with her velvet tread,  
A semblance of thy person, radiant, fair  
And the rich beauty of thy girlhood, there;  
Author of my life and of my being, here,  
Gone from us now—past years will reappear  
Like shining comforters from heaven's walls,  
When recollection thy dear name recalls.

Called by thy love, my infant years appear,  
Maternal kisses sing around mine ear,  
Following the guidance of thy loving hand,  
Drinking the tones thy loving words command,  
Returning thine, mine love, then innocent,  
Thou, the good angel of my youth's content,  
Alas, that childhood should survive its bliss,  
To vex thee with my faults—which follow this.

As God's dear bosom shares each new-born one  
The precious love, which from His breast does run,

Thy precious love shared each his sweet supply  
And yet the fount of love was never dry,—  
Mingled with my tears, did still unbittered flow,  
Forgiveness healed each wound, and kissed each blow,  
The saint to whom we prayed, with each complaint,  
Though church and canon may not make the saint.

Thy fertile mind—with every year I grew  
My mind expanding, every moment drew;  
My precious guide, e'en in those real things  
Which age and reason and experience brings;  
Truer in council than all other friends;  
Fervent and steadfast whate'er change portends;  
Partner in sorrow, comforter in grief,  
Thy touch, thy smile, thy look were my relief.

How rich and full the heart which sheltered me!  
When my dear children clung around thy knee  
Thy love has nursed them, as the noon-day sun  
Nurses the violets which the shade has grown,  
Trusting thy smiles as though they were mine own,  
Catching affection in thy look and tone;  
Easing my burdens, thou didst doubly bear  
Thine own with thy sweet uncomplaining air.

How warm and free then flowed my sympathy  
When these emotions drew me close to thee,  
These pangs, these joys,—I learned to my surprise  
I had not known thee, with my girlish eyes,  
Until our hearts were knit by maternal knots  
And common cares made our common lots



I never knew how strong thy love could be  
Since first my life awoke thy love for me.

How thy frail strength was exercised for me ;  
And oh, how pure thy noble heart must be ;  
Chasing all shadows from before my life,  
Making earth better, heaven with brightness rife,  
Cheerfulemong present things—so apt to cloy,  
Picturing the future as a time of joy,  
Thy song celestial—where the saints do come  
Must still continue the sweet strain of home.

When kneeling by thy bed of pain, I knew  
The crucifying thought thy frail life drew,  
Smoothing thy brow as though in sweet repose,  
Folding thy hands as though a prayer arose,  
Thou wouldst not see me weep—and did control  
The pangs which pierced thee to the very soul ;  
Mother! when draining death's cup to the lees,  
Thou couldst have died to spare thy children these.

O God, forgive us every thought amiss ;  
Forgive each word which stung a heart like this ;  
Forgive each deed which could have brought it shame ;  
Forgive each memory which we blush to name ;  
O make us faithful to the trust we have ;  
Deserving of the friends our heart must crave ;  
Honoring forgiveness! trustful, then in heaven  
To clasp her who left no fault unforgiven.

PEORIA, ILL., *May* 20, 1881.

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